

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER ONE

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER,
DECEMBER, 1916

The
CHANNEL

**An International Quarterly of Occultism,
Spiritual Philosophy of Life, and the
Science of Superphysical Facts**

EDITOR
MARIE RUSSAK HOTCHNER

Stead's Borderland Bureau

Estelle W. Stead

The Phantom Ship

Carl Ramus, M. D.

Stories of Past Lives

Elizabeth Severs

**Hypnotism Clairvoyantly
Analyzed**

Marie Russak Hotchner

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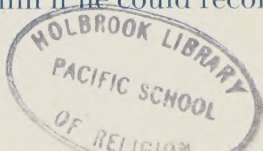
This is a magazine of occultism, spiritual philosophy of life, and the science of superphysical facts. It has no official connection with any sect, society, or creed. Its aim is to present truth, and its hope is to collaborate with serious investigators in all domains of thought.

“W. T. Stead” Borderland Bureau and Library

Estelle W. Stead

In the year 1890 an American lady, named Julia A. Ames, visited London on her way to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play. During her stay, she called in at Mowbray House and had a talk with my father, with whom she had corresponded, but whom she had not met before. He gave her some useful hints as to the best route to Oberammergau, and also presented her with a copy of his book on the Passion Play. On her return from Oberammergau, Miss Ames passed through London, and this time had tea with my father and mother in the garden of their home at Wimbledon. They discussed many subjects, but did not touch on Spiritualism. Miss Ames returned to America and a year later died in Boston.

The following year my father visited Lady Henry Somerset at Eastnor Castle. Among the guests was a lady who came to my father and asked him if he could recommend



to her a good medium, as she said she and Miss Ames had promised each other that whoever died first should if possible make her presence known to the other. She said, "Miss Ames has come back twice,—once a few weeks after her death, when I was so overcome with grief that I thought it might be hallucination; but she came again last night so clearly that there could be no doubt. I had just gotten into bed. I know I was not asleep when I saw Julia standing at the bottom of the bed. Her lips moved as if she wished to speak, but I could hear nothing. I am sure she wants to speak to me. That is why I want to go to a medium."

A few years before this, my father had become interested in Spiritualism, and had discovered that by sitting quite passive, with a pencil in his hand and paper before him, he was able to receive messages from those who are spoken of as dead. It was not until he had had proof after proof so convincing, that he believed in the authenticity of these messages. He suggested, therefore, that he should sit passive the next morning, and see if Miss Ames could give him a message for her friend. The friend, Miss E., was delighted.

The next morning he took up his pencil and asked Miss Ames if she could give a message. Immediately his hand signed her name, and she wrote a message. Still he did not feel satisfied, and asked for something that would convince Miss E. that it was in reality her friend writing. "Certainly;" she wrote, "ask her if she remembers the last time we went to Minerva." It sounded such a strange question that my father doubted whether he had received it correctly; but Miss Ames insisted that it was quite correct. When he told Miss E., she replied, "Why, of course I do." "And you understand what she means by 'Minerva'?" "Why, certainly; Minerva was the name given by Miss Ames to Miss Willard, for she said through her the Women's Christian Temperance Union sprang into a great power in America, like the Minerva who sprang full-grown from the temples of Jupiter. She gave Miss Willard a cameo brooch of Minerva, and always called her 'Minerva' till the day she died."

That same afternoon my father and Miss E. sat quietly, whilst the former asked Julia to write again. Julia did,

and wrote about so many things known only to her and Miss E., and some things which Miss E. had forgotten till Julia reminded her,—things which my father knew nothing about—, that they felt Julia was indeed with them.

After this, Julia wrote several letters to her friend through my father's hand, and, later, letters for my father himself and for the world in general. These letters were first published in book form in 1897 under the title, *Letters from Julia*. The little book has been translated into several languages, and has brought comfort to hundreds all over the world. The latest edition was published in 1912, when some hitherto unpublished letters, received in 1908, were added. The book is now called, *After Death; or Letters from Julia*.

In some of the earlier letters, Julia asked my father to establish a bureau for communication between the two worlds, "Not only for the sake of those mourning on your side," she said, "but also for the sake of the many here who are longing to let their loved ones know that all is well with them, and that they are not dead but awakened into a fuller life. They try so hard to make their presence felt and known, and it hurts them so to see their loved ones mourning them as dead. What is needed is a bureau of communication—a bureau staffed by genuine, true psychics, who have been tested and proved, and who will act as instruments for communication; a place where mourners can come without fear, to be brought into touch with those they have mourned as lost."

This message was given in the nineties, but it was not until 1908 that the way was opened and the money forthcoming for my father to found the bureau. In that year he wrote an article entitled, *How We Know the Dead Return*, which was published in England, America, India, and Australia. After its publication, Julia wrote that the money for her bureau was forthcoming, and that it would come in such a way that he would know it was for that and nothing else.

Not long after, as a result of the article, he was asked to write a weekly letter for an American paper. He felt that this would be the money, but the sum offered was not large enough to make it possible to establish a bureau. Julia, however, insisted that this was the source from

which he would get the money, and told him to ask double the amount offered. He did, and the paper agreed.

So, in the spring of 1909, Julia's Bureau was founded, with Julia as the president, who, through the secretaries, directed and arranged everything. The bureau was founded with one object and one object only: "To enable those who have lost their dead, who are sorrowing over friends and relatives, to get into touch with them again; to minister to the aching heart; not to satisfy the inquisitive brain."

The president made strict rules. Applicants must have read certain books on Spiritualism, and have some knowledge of the subject. Then three applications had to be filled in; these were submitted to Julia by three psychics, quite independently,—my father, who acted as Julia's secretary, and two others. Thus Julia gave her instructions. In some cases she would say, "Admit this one; I think we can bring them into touch," or "This is not a genuine case," or "Little hope here, but try."

During the three years the bureau was open, Julia's instructions to the three psychics differed only about three times, and on each of these occasions it was proved that one or the other had not been sufficiently passive. Twice or thrice, fraudulent cases, which might have caused much unpleasantness and mischief for the bureau, were stopped by Julia, father having no idea till later that they were not genuine. All cases visited the psychics, one directly after the other, so that there could be no connivance, a stenographer being present at all sittings, and a record kept in all cases. Each applicant was asked to sign these reports if satisfied that he had indeed had communication with those across the border, and in the bureau archives we have many signatures. More than six hundred cases passed through the bureau before my father himself went to join those on the other side. No charge was ever made, and father paid all expenses himself. When he went, I tried to get money to continue; but I was not successful, and at the end of 1912 I had reluctantly to close Julia's Bureau. My father, with whom I spoke a fortnight after his passing, told me it was better it should be closed for the time being, as it would have been difficult for me to carry it on just then, but that at the right time money would be given me to carry on the work.



—Hearst's Magazine

Spirit photograph of Miss Stead, with accurate portrait of her dead father on her side.

This remarkable skotograph was taken under test conditions. Miss Stead purchased the photographic plate, examined the camera, and handled and developed the plate herself. Another confirmatory fact is that she has never seen any photograph of her father exactly like it. She has her father's word (psychically received) that this picture is genuine.

Just two years later, in the spring of 1914, I was introduced to a lady interested in Spiritualism. We talked a little, and I told her about the bureau. A few days later she called on me to tell me she wished to give me sufficient money to start the bureau again, just in a small way; and thus my father's promise was fulfilled a few months before the war broke out, when by its existence we should be able to help many.

To open such a bureau as the first, with its large premises, secretaries, and psychics, was impossible; so we took my father's sanctum (his special room at the office), left the furniture as he had it, stocked the shelves with the psychic library he left me, and called it "The W. T. Stead Borderland Library and Bureau." Library members are charged ten shillings and six pence per annum; but the bureau is open to all, and many come for advice and consolation. We have not the psychics on the premises, but we are in touch with many, some of whom worked for Julia's Bureau: and through these, many who have come to us have received assurance that their loved ones are not dead; that their boys killed on the battlefield are still with them; and that nothing makes these boys sadder than to see their loved ones mourning them as lost, for they see a new life ahead, and they know the waiting time will not be long before their loved ones join them.

Every Wednesday we have a meeting in a hall near by, especially for mourners. A short address is given, and afterwards clairvoyance. Every week our audiences grow larger; and even if only one or two have received assurance that the next world is real and that their loved ones have only thrown off their earthly shells as one would a dress, and are no more dead than we are, we should feel our work has not been in vain. But many have received this assurance, and every week adds to the number. Out of the darkness of this war there shines the light of hope and realization, and our boys passing on daily are helping to remove the veil between.



Stories of Past Lives

Elizabeth Severs

As a rule, when people first hear of the doctrine of reincarnation, they dislike the idea and talk as if their disapproval disposed of the theory; but events of life teach us that our likes and dislikes are not omniscient. Many thinking people have come to the conclusion that we are here to learn, to experience, and that a human soul is incarnated in a physical body with the definite object of gaining something by the physical limitations he has chosen to endure.

A gradual process of spiritual evolution—this is the modern theory of reincarnation. As physical science shows us the gradual evolution of physical forms from lower to higher, so the reincarnationalist recognizes the law of rebirth in constantly improving physical bodies as the means of obtaining man's spiritual goal—conscious union with the Divine. It is the spirit of man (the storehouse of the essence of man's experiences) that is immortal, its temporary representative in the body being the soul.

I grant there is little direct proof of this theory. But what spiritual doctrine can be proved? You cannot prove, so as to satisfy all minds, the existence of God, or that central doctrine of Christianity, man's immortality. You can put forward a rational theory based both on induction and on deduction that God *is*, and that man is immortal. So some reasons and some data can be advanced to prove that the theory of reincarnation covers perceptible facts of life and nature; that reincarnation is a reasonable theory.

If you do not accept the theory, what belief do you put forward that covers the ground equally well without attributing, as in the case of special creation, injustice to the Creator?

Belief in reincarnation is important, as the doctrine generally radically alters our attitude towards life. It explains many difficulties, and it gives good reason for hope; it does away with discontent; it fills our life with interest and spiritual endeavor as we learn how we can coöperate with God's plan for man.

The European war has popularized the teaching of reincarnation. It brings comfort to the many sad Rachels mourning for their dead sons. It explains that no effort is lost; that the dead, cut off in their vigorous prime, will gain valuable spiritual growth through their willing self-sacrifice, and will in all probability reincarnate quickly (as many spiritual teachers are now declaring) to lead human evolution in the immediate future. The importance of war itself as forcing that development of character we are here on earth to achieve has also been dwelt upon.

In the case of younger souls, the discipline enforced in the army is very beneficial. Men learn first to obey, and then to command. War is a method employed, as all existing conditions *are* employed, to quicken spiritual growth. The letters of soldiers from the different fronts show what wonderful qualities have flowered forth in them; what heroism, patience, endurance, and true brotherhood between the officers and privates, and what kindness to the vanquished they have shown.

The objection generally raised to reincarnation is the loss of memory of past lives; which lack of memory, it is argued, militates against present progress and does away with the benefit of previous lives. Many philosophers have dealt with what at first seems a serious objection. Let me quote Professor M'Taggart on this point. He writes:

"Can we be wiser by reason of something which we have forgotten? Unquestionably we can....A man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life, deprived indeed of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And if so he will be wiser in the second life because of what has happened in the first.

"Of course he loses something in losing the actual knowledge. But...is not this loss really a gain? For the mere accumulation of knowledge, if memory never ceased, would soon become overwhelming, and worse than useless. What better fate would we wish for than to leave such accumulation behind us, preserving its greatest value in the *mental* faculties which have been strengthened by its acquisition.

"With virtue the point is perhaps clearer....I have forgotten the greater number of good and evil acts which I have done in my present life. And yet each must have left a trace on my character. And so a man may carry over into his next life the dispositions and tendencies which he has gained by the moral contests of this life, and the value of those experiences will not have been destroyed by the death which has destroyed the memory of them."

That you have lived in the past, you yourself with your character, your abilities, your tendencies of to-day testify. If you have not lived before, whence have come those characteristics that differentiate you from all others? From God, I suppose the orthodox would say. Then has God created some men and women with evil tendencies, with small or no power of self-control, with selfishness and evil passions rampant in them? No, the believer in reincarnation sees the less evolved amongst us (habitual criminals, for example) as younger souls, suffering from ignorance,—the only original sin—: ignorance of physical conditions that makes them choose the animal gratifications of sense, greed, and appetite, an ignorance to be remedied by the experience of many lives. He tries to assist them to better things by educating them.

High character and marked intellectual and spiritual characteristics are the garnered fruit of many past lives on earth. For many scientists now deny the transmission of mental and moral qualities from the parents. The teachings of Darwin have been very much modified by recent study. The reincarnationalist admits the influence of physical heredity in the personality only, and postulates that the incoming ego is attracted naturally to the parents who can provide him with a physical vehicle and suitable attributes to express the past qualities and mental characteristics he has evolved; he sees the improvement of the physical body taking place *pari passu* with the unfolding of the soul in an orderly progress. He postulates also that experience in past lives becomes one's *conscience* in the present life.

Personally I think the theory of reincarnation is now so widely known that what is wanted to complete the conviction of its truth are cases of memory of past births. One must remember that "proof of any theory must be of a nature congruous with the problem under consideration."

Memory of past lives affords such proof, and while such memory can be convincing only to the one who remembers, yet accumulating evidence of re-births has a cumulative effect on the man in the street who remembers, as most of us do, the events of only the present life.

Children often remember past births, as the affairs of the present life have not yet superseded memories of the past life.

The following is from the well-known paper, *The Referee*:

There is a charming little chap in Bexhill with whom I always like to have a chat by the way. He is seven. One morning this autumn I met him negotiating a fairly deep descent with his scooter on the downs in the vicinity of Tinkerbell Villa. He has frequently told me that he was a naval captain, and that he has had great experience of sea fighting, and I have always smiled at the idea. But on this occasion something the little fellow said set me thinking.

The boy told me that he was the captain of a war vessel, oh! ever so long ago, hundreds and hundreds of years ago. He cannot always remember, he told me, how he fought his battles. He only remembered these far-off sea adventures of his now and then, but one great feat he had remembered that morning just after he woke up. And then he gave me a description of the adventure, and a very great adventure it was. It was the sort of sea fight that one of the old vikings would have waged. I let the boy talk on. I said nothing. I went on thinking. Have I found in a Sussex village the real hero of a story similar to the haunting tale of Rudyard Kipling's called "The Finest Story in the World"? Was the little Sussex boy of seven in a former existence a Viking? He might have been. He might have been one of Olaf's men. Was he Ulf the Red, or Kolbiorn, or Thrand Rame, or Eric the Norseman, or Svend the Dane? Was he Blue Tooth Harald or Thoralf the Strong? Who knows?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We find Mme. Calvé, the operatic singer, testifying to her belief in reincarnation. She writes: "I sometimes think that the role of Carmen is a sort of karma, too—a punishment for some of my inordinate cravings and my vanity in another existence. I laugh; I dance; I sing; I am cruel, heartless, and a coquette, as Carmen. I understand the character so well. And yet Carmen is a creature wholly foreign to me. She is never I. She is my enemy, and yet she is my triumph. Is there not a grim humour in this incongruity? . . . Who am I that I should be exalted, petted, praised, while humanity all round me is crying piteously for aid, for light, for life? So I still believe according to the laws of karma that I am carrying out a self-elected destiny. Some time, in some place, I must have longed inordinately for the stage, for applause, for the poor little baubles of Madame Calvé. And now that I am Calvé and hold the toy for which that other self cried out, I hope to return in another aeon or two, and find myself on some terrestrial planet where there is no singing, no opera house."

—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Is Santos Dumont a reincarnation? A French journal gives a portion of a letter from a Brazilian to the King of Portugal, bearing the date 1700. His name was Santos, and, strange coincidence, he was likewise an aeronaut. His ideas seem almost contemporaneous, although he lived two centuries ago. He says: 'I have invented a machine by means of which one can voyage in the air more rapidly than

on land or sea. It will travel more than 200 leagues in a day, and be invaluable to send dispatches to armies in the most distant countries. Thanks to the aerial navigation, we may discover the North Pole and such remote regions.' The inhabitants of Portugal were not then ripe for such advanced ideas. They considered poor Santos a friend of witches, and he was banished from the country into Spain, where he died in the Seville Hospital."

—*Science Siftings.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

An extraordinary case of reincarnation is reported to have taken place in the family of a Sicilian doctor named Carmelo Samona:—

Dr. Samona and his wife some time ago lost their five-year-old daughter, Alessandrina, and a short time afterwards, at a spiritualistic seance, the dead child, they declare, told her mother that she would be reborn on Christmas Day in the following year. At a second seance she announced, "There will be two of us: myself and another." On Christmas Day, fourteen months after the date of the last seance, Senora Samona gave birth to twins, both girls, one of whom bore on the face three marks identical with marks on the face of the dead child, and after a year commenced to manifest exactly the same moral and physical tendencies. The two children are now two years old.

—*London Daily Sketch.*

In the *Occult Review* (June, 1915) the editor relates that Miss Campbell, a lady nursing at a hospital in the neighborhood of Paris, and herself psychic, wrote to him:—

We have a French friend here who was alive in the time of Henry IV and remembers living in the Castle at S. Germaine-en-Laye. She says she was a page then, and used to have a little room at the top of a staircase in one of the turrets. The general commanding here some years ago was greatly amused by her story, and told her that such a stairway did not exist. She was very angry, and offered to show it to him. The room and the stair, or the place where they were supposed to be, were in a portion of the castle not open to the public. But she was taken through and found the stair, but not the room. Finally one of the city documents was discovered, which disclosed the fact that in the restoration of the chateau the architect had closed up the room as not being worthy of restoration. Miss Campbell adds another instance of similar reminiscence. She says: "A little boy of five I know, pointed out the house of Mme. de Maintenon and said: 'That is where I used to go to play with the little Quatorzes.' This child (she adds) is really extraordinary. He remembers all kinds of things about St. Germain."

The following is a story of remembrance, which appeared in the *American Magazine*, under the heading, "Was it Reincarnation?" The story is told

by one of the most absolutely truthful women I ever knew or can hope to know, and a diary in which the record was made many years ago and the history in which the note was found are still in existence and the characters are still living to bear witness. The story concerns

Anne, an American child, little half-sister of the narrator, a child unlike personally any of her family. In the fairy stories she told herself, "there were bits of knowledge that a baby could not possibly have absorbed in any sort of way," and she seemed to do everything through habit, with curious tricks of manner and memory that she could not explain, and that surprised her family very much.

One day when four years old, she told her father, "I have been here lots of times—sometimes I was a man, sometimes I was a woman!"

When her father laughed, "I was! I was!" she maintained indignantly. "Once I went to Canada when I was a man! I 'member my name even."

On being asked her name, she considered a moment. "It was Lishus Faber," she ventured, then repeated it with greater assurance, "that was it—Lishus Faber."

"And what did you do for a living, Lishus Faber, in those early days?"

"I was a soldier," she granted the information triumphantly, "and I took the gates!"

Her sister, proud of her little charge, was in the habit of recording the child's imaginings in her diary and noted this conversation.

Someone encouraged my really going further with the matter, and for a year I studied all the histories of Canada I could lay my hands on for a battle in which somebody "took the gates." All to no purpose. Finally, I was directed by a librarian to a documentary history. This was over a year afterwards, when I had quite lost hope of running my phrase to earth. It was a quaint old book, interestingly picturesque in many of its tales, but I found one bit that put all the others out of my mind for a time. It was a brief account of the taking of a little walled city by a small company of soldiers, a distinguished feat of some sort, yet of no general importance. A young lieutenant with his small band—the phrase leaped to my eyes—"took the gates" . . . and the name of the young lieutenant was Alsotius Le Febre.

Some occultists claim to have gained the power of functioning in the superphysical realm of nature in which it is possible to recover traces of past births. The following incident gives an instance of knowledge of past births gained in this fashion; it is an interesting example because the students were able to verify some details of their discoveries, so testifying to their genuineness:

"Some students were tracing the past lives of a friend, checking one another's investigations, so that they might be sure of their results. Being aware of the theories generally offered by the average materialist to account for such things, "self-delusion, collective hallucination," and so on, they paid special attention to any feature which might offer evidence convincing to men using physical senses alone. They were recovering from the indelible memory of nature, known to Kabbalists and mediaeval occultists as "the Astral Light," pictures of this friend's past. They saw him as a sculptor in Greece, and they made a list of his principal statues and also drawings of some of them.

They wanted some proof quite outside the occult faculties, and they thought some of these statues might be still in existence. They found his name, but it was not a name of which they had ever heard anything in connection with Greek art. Later they found the signature which he engraved upon the pediment of one of his statues. It was not his own name, but evidently a pseudonym used for his art work. Next day the investigators went to the British Museum, and got together all the books relating to that period. They found the pseudonym among the list of Greek sculptors, and also information as to the specimens of his work still extant. The next step was to visit, or to get friends to visit, the various museums and galleries in England or on the Continent, where these statues were. More than two-thirds were traced, and they were found to correspond exactly with the drawings. In some cases the statues were mutilated and fragmentary, but from the drawings they were completed, and they were able to point to certain details and to satisfy the authorities that the explanation offered by the drawings was a much better and more probable one than the explanation formerly accepted.—*Theosophy in New Zealand*.

Belief in reincarnation is no new thing. It is the foundation stone of the Eastern religions of Hinduism and Buddhism. Christ taught it when he said, "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come."

Josephus taught it to the Jewish soldiers; the *Kabbalah* contains the teaching. Plato endorsed it; Pythagoras remembered, it is said, his own past births. Philosopher after philosopher has shown that the doctrine is a reasonable one as a philosophical hypothesis. Emerson has passages that seem to indicate a belief in re-birth, as in his *Threnody* on the death of his son. Leibnitz, Schopenhauer, Lessing, Goethe, all teach this doctrine. Nietzsche held the doctrine of the eternal return, a parody, as it were, on that doctrine of spiritual evolution popularly known as reincarnation.

"I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.
You have been mine before;
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore."

The Great Banyan Tree

(Adyar, India)

E. Christina Lauder

*Thine arms of shadowy gray
Enfolded me,—
Child of an alien race beyond the sea,
Now, I am far away!*

*Thy luminous veil of green
This face of mine
Looked through; and thy clusters coralline
With sunlight trails between*

*Whispered of worlds and seas
Past all I knew!
In thy caressing hands I woke to these,
And woke with dreams made true!*

*Were not thy murmurous boughs
Heart strings of me?
To their mystery I upturned my brows,
Wonderful Banyan Tree!*

*To men I became as dead:
To Thee I came!
And thy Heart was a sea of wild green flame,
Wherein I bent my head.*

*Afar in my homeland woods,
If night disclose
The one white glory that floods and flows
Through Adyar solitudes:*

*Thy dim mysterious Life
Enfoldeth me;
And my communing soul is rife
With an ancient mystery;
For my heart lays hold on things TO BE,
But spirit, and soul, and heart of ME
Remain entwined in the Banyan Tree!*



Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban
Ernest Wdny, M. A.

This article contains statements, believed by the writer to be true, concerning the life of that great and good man, known to cotemporaries as Francis Bacon; but who was in reality the son of Queen Elizabeth and her unacknowledged husband, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, as appears from two entirely distinct *cipher stories*, originally written by St. Alban (as he will here be called) and embedded in works published under his own and other names.

After the lapse of two hundred and fifty years, those stories have recently been brought to light by two citizens of the United States,—William Orville Ward Owen (Doctor in Medicine) and Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. Dr. Ward Owen's book* was published as long ago as 1894, and unfortunately has never received one fraction of the attention it deserves. Those who study it will reap a rich, pleasurable reward from the beauty of the contents, and will learn many unsuspected truths about the secret history of the time. Alas, only the first of the two volumes can at present be obtained, as the entire stock of the other volume was burned during a fire at the publisher's in America.

Mrs. Gallup's** book is happily still to be bought, and is equally deserving of study. The cipher which Mrs. Gallup has unraveled is called the biliteral, because it consists (like the well-known Morse alphabet used in signaling and telegraphy) of various combinations of two letters. If we call those letters *a* and *b* respectively, then five *a's*

**Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story*: Parts I and II (III to V are out of print); Howard Publishing Co., Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.; British Agents, Gay & Hancock, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

***The Bi-Literal Cypher Story of Sir Francis Bacon*; Gay & Hancock, as above.

in succession stand for the letter *a* in the cipher story. Four *a*'s and *b*—thus *aaaab*—stand for the letter *b*, and so on, each letter of the embedded cipher matter being expressed by five letters in the publication in which the cipher is inserted. The above is a convenient way of explaining the cipher, but of course the letters *a* and *b* are not actually used. The method of employing this cipher is to use two *founts* of type in *setting up* the publication which is to contain the cipher. Between the shape of the letters in these two *founts* there are small differences—sufficient to guide one who knows of the cipher and is trying to read it, but not sufficiently marked to excite the curiosity of a reader who knows nothing about it. Then, if we call all the letters from one fount *a*, and letters from the other *b*, five letters in succession from fount *a* represent the letter *a* in the cipher. Four letters in succession from fount *a*, followed by one from fount *b*, mean *b*, and so on. This biliteral is called the *Omnia per omnia*, because by its means any desired communication can be inserted in any printed matter whatever. The cipher is inserted in setting up the type, and the writer of the printed matter does not need to concern himself in any way about the communication which is to be inserted. The other kind of cipher—that used in the case of the *Cipher Story* deciphered and published by Ward Owen—is called the *Word Cipher*, and is entirely different, having nothing to do with the type used. The method of using this cipher is to take the cipher communication and divide it up into appropriate short sections, inserting those pieces in other works wholly unconnected in subject with the cipher communication, and at the same time placing certain special key-words at the beginning and end of each passage so inserted, to enable a decipherer who knows the key-words to reunite skillfully the separated passages into the original connected whole. The key-words chosen must of course be such as can be readily introduced where wanted, without appearing strange or exciting curiosity. As a slight example of this method of cipher-writing, it may be mentioned that a good deal of the play of *Romeo and Juliet* was originally written for that part of the *Cipher Story* entitled *The Personal History of Francis Bacon at the Court of France*. Similarly that famous passage: “The quality of mercy is

not strained. It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven," was originally written for a scene in the *Cipher Story* of the Spanish Armada, where it is put into the mouth of St. Alban himself, when he is pleading with his mother, Queen Elizabeth, for the life of a Spanish nobleman whom he had seen struggling in the waves (perhaps from the *beetling* Shakespeare cliff at Dover) and had rescued.

The present writer has had the honour and pleasure of the personal acquaintance of both Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup, and has no doubt as to the genuineness of the *Cipher Stories*. Some reader of these lines perhaps may be a friend of Dr. Owen's; if so, it is hoped that he will bring them to his notice, and try to induce him to republish the missing second volume, and also to publish the final section of the Story, which was announced in a circular of the Howard Publishing Company dated Detroit, March, 1895, as "in preparation," the contents being given as follows: "*Conclusion of Bacon's Life at the Court of France; Anjou's desertion of the Huguenots; his trifling successes magnified; the triumphs or fêtes in his honour; Catherine's revival of the Court of Love; Bacon follows the Queen-mother to the South; public trial of Queen Margaret; the assassination of the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine; Henry III and Navarre join forces to besiege Paris; Navarre declared Heir to the Throne of France; assassination of the King; death of Nicholas Bacon; Francis recalled to England.*" It is also devoutly to be hoped that Dr. Owen, who has been so many years at work on the cipher since all this was deciphered, may be induced to publish a great deal more of the large stock of further deciphered material.

To prevent possible disappointment to readers of the *Stories*, it should be pointed out that the work of deciphering is no mere child's play; it is quite possible that some mistakes have been made in the process of disentangling and reuniting the severed sections of the original work, and also in introducing, as the decipherer had to do, the real names of the actors in what was (when it was written) cotemporary history of the most secret and compromising kind. Queen Elizabeth was nervous, suspicious, arbitrary, and often cruel. She had a man's ears cut off for asserting that she had given birth to children. The *Cipher Story* begins with a long letter entitled *Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the De-*

cipherer, which is in itself replete with historical interest, and of great beauty. In this he says:

"We humbly implore and pray. . .
That you beware how you unfold the ways
Of searching out the ciphers, at least
Till we be dead
For if it be found out
In our life-time, we should have no other shift
But first to confess, then be hanged upon the gallows."

Further on he says, referring to the names of the actors in this secret history of his own times:

"No one can be so dull as to believe
That we have set the whole name of any man
Open amongst the subject matter.
That certainly would be childish in the highest degree.
On the contrary, though the names are set
So frequent, you must understand the device
(And our device, we think, will outstrip all praise)
Before you can discover how we overcome the difficulty. . . .
Now then, take the name of the great commander,
Nerve and bone of our English fleet,
When in the wide sea they overcame
The knights of tawny Spain. Fit the first and
Last half together, and How-word (Howard) may be
Made out clear and absolute."

Saint Alban apologizes, at some length, for what seemed to him the inelegance, in some respects, of the *Cipher Story*:

"For the sake of
Our own safety, we executed the work in short
And scattered sentences, linked together in rude lines;
And any reader of moderate sagacity
And intelligence should see that our manner of writing
This history (as it actually and really is)
Is such that it could not be compounded and divided,
Composed, decomposed, and composed again in manifold
ways,
And made to mingle and unite by fits and starts,
And be in verse. It will be found the feet
Are weak and lame, even in the blank verse.
Look at the mass of words we use. Some of the story
Has more feet than the verse should bear,

And you must exercise your own judgment
And give it smoothness when it lamely halts.
Be not alarmed; there will be little difficulty in doing
this. . . .

We are sorry it is not so rich in worth
Or beauty as it might have been made,
Had we not, to prevent its discovery, and to provide
For our own future safety, buried it deep
Beneath a mass of falsehood.

We have shaped forth a faithful narrative of facts,
Large in bulk and extent, and pleasing in variety,
Rather than a treasure house of eloquence or poesy.
On the other hand, we have made it
By the luminous brilliancy of the matter,
So suitable to its dignity that we will vouch
That it shall not be either laughed at or made sport of.
On the contrary, future generations and posterity,
By the assistance of our work, will have
A faithful, true, and strange account
Of the mysteries of the kingdom, and the
Succession of strange fortunes that we have had.
And we desire those into whose hands
This work shall fall, that they understand
That our design is, frankly and
Without circumlocution, to write and to publish
A clear and formal history of our time,
Though we have sometimes introduced,
By way of ornament to the history,
And to give lustre to our own name,
Information and revelation in noble measures."

There is no intention of entering here on the so-called Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The only argument against the Baconian authorship is the name on the title-page, put there by St. Alban himself, as Baconians believe. About the only cotemporary references are by Ben Jonson, a friend of Bacon's (doubtless pledged to secrecy), whose language in respect to "Shakespeare" is contradictory and obviously veiled; and by "Greene" (really Bacon himself) in *A Groat's Worth of Wit*, which speaks of "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and

being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country."

The Baconian position is like the lion's den in the fable. The lion invited the fox to dinner, but the fox excused himself, because he noticed that all the footsteps led into the den and none led out again. So it is in this case: all the arguments point to the truth of the hypothesis, and none against it. Any one who would understand St. Alban's lofty aims and character aright must first rid his mind of the customary gross misconceptions about them. He certainly was never guilty of bribery, nor was he ever convicted of it in any court of law, nor was any legal decision of his reversed on any such ground. He was impeached before the House of Lords, while he himself lay seriously ill at home, without even a legal representative in the House to look after his interests. The impeachment was a deliberate and monstrous plot against him on the part of men who, for various motives, no doubt, desired his downfall.

Lord Macaulay, in his essay on *Lord Bacon*, represents him as an impossible mixture, telling us to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, aversion and gratitude. Macaulay wrote only an essay on the subject, but those who have studied it sufficiently to write detailed biographies (his personal friend Dr. Rawley, and later, Spedding and Hepworth Dixon) are unanimous in unstinted admiration for one whom they regard as the most lovable of men. Macaulay never thought of investigating the motives for the sentence passed on Lord St. Alban; he failed to notice in it the curious fact that the "confession," on which that sentence was based, did not admit the truth of that which was the substance of the accusation: namely, the taking of bribes to pervert justice! This charge was so obviously untrue that his accusers, with legal subtlety, formulated a long string of twenty-three charges, partly no doubt, to conceal their emptiness, as they were all false or irrelevant; and partly in the hope of securing a verdict on one or other of the twenty-three. The members of the house listened, surprised and indifferent, as the wonderful tale of falsehood was unfolded before them, but were ultimately persuaded—when the accused for his own reasons declined to defend himself—that it would be prudent to throw a sop to the growing discontent of the Commons,

culminating only twenty years later in the Great Rebellion.

One circumstance which would alone have sufficed to deter St. Alban from defending himself was that he would have had to betray persons in his employ,—some of his “good pens.” One of these, Thomas Bushel (b. 1594, d. 1674), entered his service as a page in 1609, and is described later as “Seal-Bearer” (probably when St. Alban became Keeper of the Great Seal). Mr. Smedley’s book, *The Mystery of Francis Bacon*, gives an interesting and pathetic letter of Bushel’s (who was afterwards knighted) to Mr. John Elliot, printed in 1628 in *The First Part of Youth’s Errors*, as follows: “Yet, lest the calumnious tongues of men might extenuate the good opinion you had of his worth and merit, I must ingenuously confess that myself and others of his servants were the occasion of exhaling his virtues into a dark eclipse, which God knows would have long endured both for the honour of his King and the good of the Commonaltie, had not we, whom his bounty nursed, laid on his guiltless shoulders our base and execrable deeds, to be scanned and censured by the whole senate of a state, where no sooner sentence was given but most of us forsook him. . . . Yet I am confident there were some Godly Daniels amongst us As for myself, with shame I must acquit the title, and plead guilty; which grieves my very soul that so matchless a Peer should be lost by such insinuating caterpillars, who in his own nature scorned the least thought of any base, unworthy, or ignoble act, though subject to infirmities as ordained to the wisest.”

Mr. Smedley gives another quotation—from Fuller’s *Worthies*:—“He was a rich Cabinet filled with Judgment, Wit, Fancy, and Memory, and had the golden key, Elocution, to open it. He was singular in singulis in every science and art, and being In-at-all came off with credit. He was too bountiful to his servants, and either too confident of their honesty or too conniving at their falsehood. ’Tis said he had two servants, one in all causes Patron to the Plaintiff, the other to the Defendant, but taking bribes of both, with this condition, to restore the money received if the cause went against them. Such practices, tho’ unknown to their Master, cost him the loss of his office.”

At the outset of this travesty of a trial, St. Alban had smiled, says Hepworth Dixon, at such accusations, but

when he found the case go on, he expressed his indignation as follows: "Job himself, or whoever was the greatest judge, by such hunting of matters against him as hath been used against me, may for a time seem foul. If this is to be a Chancellor, I think if the Great Seal lay on Hounslow Heath, nobody would take it. I know that I have clean hands and a clean heart."

To show how little attraction money had for St. Alban, an anecdote told by his biographer, Spedding, may here be quoted: "A gentleman calls on the Lord Chancellor and is left by him alone in his study, when there comes in one of his Lordship's gentlemen, opens my Lord's chest of drawers where his money is, and takes it out in handfuls, fills both his pockets, and goes away without saying a word. He is no sooner gone but comes a second gentleman, opens the same drawers, fills both his pockets with money, and goes away as the former did, without saying anything. St. Alban, being told on his return what has passed, shakes his head and says nothing but 'Sir, I cannot help myself.' " No doubt these gentlemen belonged to the small band of devoted admirers, members perhaps of the secret Rosicrucian Society, which he himself had founded, in an earlier incarnation, two hundred years before, when he was known as Christian Rosenkreutz. In his incarnation as Francis St. Alban he would naturally be again at the head of it. The society made its existence known to the public, about the year 1616, by pamphlets issued apparently with the object of inviting recruits from among the public, in case any suitable persons existed. It would be interesting to know what responses these "manifestoes" met with.

The real subject of *The Merchant of Venice* was in all probability his own imprisonment for debt on one occasion in consequence of too lavish expenditure on some of his schemes for "the reformation of the whole wide world," as he phrased it. His supposed father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, left him not a farthing, assuming no doubt that his mother, Queen Elizabeth, would look after him. St. Alban never held office till he was made Solicitor General at the age of forty-seven; and all this time he had devoted himself almost entirely to the production of the magnificent literature in prose and poetry of Queen Elizabeth's and King James's reigns,—a literature which to this day is largely unknown

even to students of English literature, for the greater part of it was brought out under names now but little known, and, not having been reprinted like Shakespeare and Spencer, is to be found only in second-hand bookshops.

The following is one of many splendid tributes paid to him by friends and cotemporaries. Ben Jonson says: "My conceit of his person was never encreased towards him by his place or his honours, but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was proper only to himself, in that he seemed ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength: for greatness he could not want; neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

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For those who know that it is impossible for the base or mean to write greatly of things spiritual, sufficient evidence of character will be afforded by a kind of psalm which was found among his papers after his supposed death, and which was described by Joseph Addison as resembling the devotion of an angel rather than a man:

"Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter, Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts. Thou knowest the upright of heart; Thou judgest the hypocrite; Thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hidden from Thee, Remember, O Lord, how Thy servant hath walked before Thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved Thy assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of Thy Church; I have delighted in the brightness of Thy sanctuary. This vine which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch its branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes. I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart. I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men.

If any have been mine enemies, I thought not of them; neither hath the sun set on my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but Thy scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temples. Thousand have been my sins and ten thousand my transgressions, but Thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through Thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon Thine altar. O Lord, my strength, I have since my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by Thy fatherly compassions, by Thy comfortable chastisements, and by Thy most visible providence. As Thy favours have increased upon me, so have Thy corrections, so that Thou hast been ever near me, O Lord, and ever, as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me, and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, Thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to Thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in Thy fatherly school, not as a bastard but as a child. Just are Thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to Thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea to the sea, earth, heavens; and all these are nothing to Thy mercies.

“Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before Thee that I am debtor to Thee for the grace which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made most profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit; so that I may truly say my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour’s sake, and receive me into Thy bosom, or guide me in Thy ways.”

[Mr. Udney has been a writer of philosophic and occult subjects for many years. He is a Theosophist and has written from that standpoint. Ed.]

The Phantom Ship

Carl Ramus, M. D.

The study of the fourth dimension of space greatly interested my friend, Dr. A. N. Sinclair, some years ago. He plunged into the subject with scientific enthusiasm, devised a new set of cubes, thought out several original methods for bringing the fourth dimension more within the understanding of our three-dimensional consciousness, and wrote a thesis. For some weeks the fourth dimension occupied much of his time, and he often retired to sleep with its speculations the last thoughts in his waking consciousness.

One morning he came to me with the rather abrupt information that he was finished with the subject "for good and all." The night before, he had dreamed that he was working hard at the problem, when three men came to him and said that they could show him a demonstration of the fourth dimension; they did so, and for the first time Dr. Sinclair saw and understood its mysteries. It was a wonderful expansion of consciousness for him while it lasted.

While he was observing the phenomenon with all the rapt attention of a scientist, he became aware of a subtle and sinister change in himself, and a feeling of unearthly horror began to creep over him. He is an athlete and a brave man, to whom terror is an unusual experience. But in his dream he was in the grip of a terrible fear, the nature of which he could not tell, a fear which quickly became overwhelming. He awoke with a shock, and could not shake off the condition of fright and dread for some time.

Dr. Sinclair felt that this uncanny experience was the direct result of his absorbing studies of the fourth dimension; for a moment they somehow lifted the veil which normally separates the visible from the invisible world. He had read an article by Mr. Leadbeater on the fourth dimension, in which it was stated that a student had developed the astral "sight" through its investigation, which had brought about the necessary expansion of consciousness.

From the very disagreeable effects that Dr. Sinclair had experienced he decided that it would be unwise to continue that study for the time being. On June 11, 1916, he visited

me in New York. As we talked over old times I asked him if he remembered his fourth-dimensional dream experience. He said he did; and that since that day, about seven years previously, he had neither done any more work in that line nor had any more such experiences. We discussed psychoanalysis and sheaths of consciousness, and the fourth dimension in reference to them.

On that same night Dr. Sinclair dreamed the following vivid dream, and had the strange psychological experience which is here related. On waking he arose immediately and wrote down all he could remember. He does not claim to have remembered the exact wording of the conversation, but the sense of it is correct.

I might say here that Dr. Sinclair has had several prophetic dreams of shipwrecks. One of them he related to me two months before the wreck occurred. He gave the name of the steamship and truly described coast and reef. As the dream which will now be narrated is in the nature of a prophecy concerning the near future of the great war in Europe, the fact that I can vouch for one of his earlier prophetic dreams is rather significant. I give Dr. Sinclair's last psychic experience in his own words:

I was standing on the veranda of the Leahi Home at Honolulu when I became conscious of a sensation of heat which increased rapidly until almost unbearable. The sea a few miles away became gradually shrouded from view by a mist which grew denser until it was completely hidden. The heat began gradually to lessen, the mist to rise and drift away, until the sea was again clearly visible. Then a ship at least two thousand feet long, with four large funnels, was seen to be approaching the harbor. She anchored, and an aeroplane rose from her deck, taking a course in my direction. It began to approach the earth, and evidently intended to land on the grounds of the Leahi Home. Some others and I went down to meet it as it landed and discharged four passengers, two men and two women, who to all appearances were identical with the rest of the human race. One of the women was asked by me who the visitors were, and from where they came. She replied:

"We have come from another planet (plane?) by way of four-dimensional space. We wanted to prove this to you, so we came in a ship that is twice as long as any that has ever been built on earth. We landed here in the middle

of the Pacific Ocean, as it was the farthest removed from strife, and so most likely to show our peaceable intentions."

"What strife do you mean?"

"That detestable war which is a canker even to us in the fourth dimension. The canker of hate has eaten away the boundary that has existed between you and us for centuries. The war will end shortly through our intervention."

"How will you end it?"

"Easily. Do you not remember the heat that heralded our coming? You were only in the outer zone of a central point of heat where our rays of projection focussed. Suppose we were to focus those rays on some great magazine or center of explosives of one of the warring nations. It would explode, and we could explode one after another, or several together, if they were close enough."

"Do you intend to do that?"

"Wait and see. As soon as the opportunity arrives we shall bring the war to an end in that way. You will hear of a great explosion in the stores of one of the battling nations, of another, and maybe another, until they have so little ammunition left that they cannot carry on the war. Then the war will cease. We await only an opportunity to do this with as little loss of life as possible; but we shall not wait long in any case."

"How do you make that heat?"

"It is made by a process of projection from the fourth dimension. You burn a hole in a sheet of paper by bringing three-dimensional light to a focus on a two-dimensional plane. Imagine the almost infinitely greater heat that can be caused by our bringing four-dimensional heat to a focus on a three-dimensional plane. Indeed, that is all that the sun is, a focus of four-dimensional rays of heat and light projected from the fourth-dimensional and higher planes still."

"By higher planes do you mean the astral plane?"

"Yes, and others. The soul, the ego, or the individual spirit, is a four-dimensional object or figure. What you know as the individual is only one face of the tesseract. The soul has many other faces. When a person is said to function in the astral region, it means simply that another cubical plane of the spirit is turned into coincidence with

that of your world. As each face of the cube is a plane, limited to a different region in three-dimensional space, so each face or form of the spirit-tesseract is a cube limited to a three-dimensional region—a region having different properties and attributes from the others. Those functioning in the astral region learn which way to turn; that is, in which direction to face the three-dimensional earth-plane in order to attain what they want. You can easily see that as each face of the tesseract looks into a different region, a turn in the wrong direction may cause the earth-face to enter into a fear-inspiring region, when the earth-face will get an impression of fear or horror. A turn into a peaceful region may give confidence, and so on, there being a face for futurity, or simply a region where a comprehensive view of all the factors of the present can be obtained, from which an accurate deduction as to future events may be made. Naturally such a deduction may be sometimes erroneous, not taking into account some factor to be developed entirely in the future.”

“But that does not explain clearly the passage of the spirit-face for long distances, where the astral body—so called—has travelled miles, when the bodies of those dead have appeared to the living.”

“The actual face of the spirit has not appeared in such cases, only the shadow of the spirit. A shadow, as you know it, is the only true two-dimensional figure that moves and has a seeming existence. It is formed by the effect of a three-dimensional object in conjunction with light. But there is a peculiar property of the shadow in two-dimensional space, which perhaps you have not thought of. Suppose there are two shadows on a two-dimensional plane; by all the laws of physics those two shadows should never be able to pass one another. Or, say the shadow of a man is surrounded by the shadow of a ring; by the laws of two-dimensional space the man-shadow should never be able to pass the boundaries of the ring-shadow. But when these two shadows are projected on the plane from three-dimensional space, they may be made to melt into one another and cross each other; in fact they show the passage of matter through matter. Thus in the instance noted on the earth-plane, of passage of matter through matter, it has not been by the true material substance in the earth-plane,

but by three-dimensional shadows projected from the fourth dimension. If you had two rings separated in a two-dimensional plane, they could not be made the one to cut the other; but if their shadows are projected from the third dimension they can be made to cut each other. So two truly three-dimensional rings cannot, in three dimensions, be linked together; but their shadows, projected from four-dimensional space, can be made to link one into the other; and, as those shadows have three dimensions also, to a three-dimensional being they are seemingly material, and apparently pass one into the other. It is in this manner that the semblance of a person appears at great distances. But it is only the three-dimensional shadow that is projected upon the face of three-dimensional space, and naturally, being but a shadow, it may pass through three-dimensional matter. Were it the actual three-dimensional face of the spirit-tesseract, which we know as the earth-body, and therefore a three-dimensional material thing, it could not pass through three-dimensional matter in three-dimensional space, which it does."

"But such shadows have been known to speak. How can a shadow speak?"

"That you cannot understand, perhaps; but they do not actually speak. Their lips move, but that is all. It is really thought transference; but the person spoken to imagines the figure is speaking. A certain idea is registered in his brain through vibration, which he accepts as a spoken idea. You can get a clue to it only by analogy. Life, as I have explained, can make manifestations from a third dimension to a two-dimensional plane. But you cannot conceive of sound transference in two dimensions—or rather a manifestation of it. Sound transference must have three dimensions, for it is caused by three-dimensional bodies only. In an analogous way thought transference must have four dimensions; and that is as clear as I can make it. All of us who have come to visit you are merely projections. You cannot injure us any more than you can injure a man's shadow."

"But I am interested in the other matter just now: One face of the spirit-tesseract being the earth-face, there must be twenty-three others. Are they all the same?"

"Very nearly; although, as I said, the different faces

look into different regions where certain attributes dominate not only the functioning face of the spirit-tesseract, but its appearance. You know of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde: what happened was a turning to the earth-plane of that face which was dominated by cruelty and horror—that being the plane or region upon which it usually functioned. There are cases in which persons are seized with religious fervor or high ideals—another face has been turned to you. Dual personalities are thus explained since these different three-dimensional faces know little or nothing of what happens to the other ones. A maniac has turned into the earth-plane the spirit-face functioning on the region of chaos. Mediums who have gone into a trance have simply turned another face to the earth-plane—the face that functions on that region from which an idea of futurity may be gained. You will find that when they have been watched they have seemed to fade away and then to come back again. The fading away was simply the turning of the spirit-tesseract in the fourth dimension; naturally in doing this the three-dimensional face must leave the three-dimensional plane to a great extent, just as the plane of a cube must almost wholly leave a plane surface when it turns in three-dimensional space.”

“Can people ever leave the earth-plane completely while the body is alive?”

“No, not without the gravest risk that they will never be able to return to it. It is much safer to go from one place to another by simply turning round one edge of the tesseract, keeping a surface always in contact with the earth-plane.”

“You said you were but a projection. How is that done?”

“By a fourth-dimensional reflector. Indeed, it was the converging of the heat rays of the fourth dimension to a focus at the point at which we wished to enter, that caused such heat in your earth-plane. It was necessary to find this focus to make us appear of ordinary size to you, which we preferred.”

“How is it you have not come to earth before?”

“Your earth-plane forms but the face of a huge tesseract in space. That face has for nineteen hundred years been sacred. None of us cared to investigate it, believing

it controlled by universal love, peace, and good-will to men. We always felt it to be a region not to be trespassed upon; but, as I said, a great wave of destructive hatred has eaten its way through the boundaries—a destructive wave which threatens to destroy the whole of the earth-face. We, who live on another face, cannot allow this to continue without interference. Such hate waves annoy us, just as something distasteful would annoy you, only a thousandfold more. Therefore we are going to stop the war.”

What shall we say of Dr. Sinclair’s vision? Surely we are justified in believing that so unusual an experience presages the possibility that his dream, in some form or other, may come true.

“But dreams full oft are found of real events
The forms and shadows.”

[It is interesting to note that this article was received in the latter part of June, and that, since then, there have been many serious explosions of munition depots in America, England, France, Germany, and Russia.—Ed.]

Apollonius and the Dead

Every voice, therefore, that is significative, first of all signifies by the influence of the celestial harmony; secondly, by the imposition of man. . . . But when both significations meet in any voice or name, which are put upon them by the said harmony, or men, then that name is with a double virtue, viz., natural and arbitrary, made most efficacious to act as often as it shall be uttered in due place and time, and seriously with an intention exercised upon the matter rightly disposed. So we read in Philostratus, that when a maid at Roma died the same day she was married, and was presented to Apollonius, he accurately inquired into her name, which being known, he pronounced some occult thing, by which she revived. —Agrippa.

Kingship

(To G. A. W. J.)

J. C. Johnston

*Where Syria dwindles to the desert sands,
In Bethlehem of Judah, I was born.
There Ruth found Boaz 'mid the alien corn,
And I the Kingship of the Western lands,
Who still am IESUS named. Within My hands
Are many kingdoms that confront the morn.
In Bethlehem of Judah I was born,
To learn My Wisdom on the desert sands.*

*And where three palm-trees are, My throne is set.
There shalt thou find Me, if thou seekest Me,
And there I rule the clamour and the fret,
As once I ruled the turmoil of the sea.
And there, Beloved, thou shalt find Me yet,
So near, so far, so far, so near—to thee!*

Religion and Literature of To-day

Helen M. Long

Are we losing our religion? Are spiritual enthusiasm and faith, indeed, upon the wane? We frequently hear this asserted, and small minds, stranded upon the shoals of Tom Paine and Ingersoll, are voluble upon materialism and the "superstition of God." It would seem, at a superficial glance, a materialistic age, indeed, controlled by the survival of the fittest theory as applied in its strictest sense,—conditions and opinions to discourage the most "stark enthusiast." Yet let us turn for a moment to the true representatives—the great thinkers of our time; not the heads of nations, whose minds are filled with policies, warfare, and predominance, not the scientists who specialize in one direction only. Surely it is the writers of the day who express the spiritual state of the people and indicate the real trend of humanity. Though bold, some of them, and uncontrolled by creed, nowhere in the writings of the really great do we find sordid materialism or self interest expressed or commended. Instead, the betterment of humanity, democracy, the moral and physical uplifting of all, are given more attention than in any previous literary period.

Maeterlinck, though professing no religion, is so essentially a mystic, his writings so filled with unearthly beauty, thrilling with strange powers, that one cannot read his lightest line without a prescience of the infinite. His nature studies reveal impressively the wonders about us; his plays are the struggle of the soul toward the haunting ideal; his philosophy is the pursuit of the unknown. One leaves him trembling, uncertain, but flung from a world of the senses up on a higher plane. In his late books, we feel the gradual realization taking place in his own mind of the existence of that "Unknown Guest." The conscientious studies he has made of the so-called supernatural are impressive in their sincerity and have done much to create interest in and awaken respect for the problems of psychometry. His conviction, after many thorough investigations, of the power of the medium is of great value.

In a recent magazine article entitled, *Supernatural Communications in War-Time*, Maeterlinck continues this

line of thought, considering that faculty of the subconsciousness which enables a medium, when given an object, usually a letter, and questioned as to the writer or the one who has touched or handled it, to perceive immediately that person, no matter at what distance he may be, and to describe accurately his appearance, his surroundings, and even his thoughts.

The importance of this clear and forceful article is intensified by its direct message to those anxious victims of the war, who remaining at home are in a state of agonizing uncertainty regarding loved ones at the front. He declares that actual information which could not otherwise be obtained may be gained in this way from a reliable clairvoyant. This earnest assurance from a man of such profound mentality and unquestionable genius will bring hope to many. From the large number of tests he has made, the following is selected:

A mother deeply distressed because for some time she had not heard from her son, fighting in the Belgian trenches, turned in her despair to a medium. She was told that her son was wounded but in no danger. His condition was described, the shed in which he was being cared for, and his state of worry because he was unable to write to her. Several days later the mother received a note from him assuring her that he was well. She of course lost all faith in the medium. Later, as other messages came from her son, she noticed an unnaturalness and brevity about them and wrote him anxiously inquiring the cause. In reply he told her the truth, described his wound, the shed in which he lay, and in every way exactly corroborated the account given by the medium.

This little story alone would have small significance, as Maeterlinck admits—for it could be explained in various ways—but, added to his many other authentic instances of a like nature, a wonderful chain of evidence is formed. If care is taken in selecting a medium and “the object serving as the intermediary has not passed through too many hands,” we are encouraged to have confidence in the result. “The existence of this faculty,” says Maeterlinck, “is no longer seriously denied by anyone who has given some little attention to metaphysics; and it is easily verified by those who will take the necessary trouble.” Yet this strange

power, extraordinarily exact usually in reading past and present, is far from infallible, he believes, when applied to penetrating the future. Here, he warns us, mistakes are frequent and dependence must be withheld. The closer the event in time, however, and the more personal, the greater the probability of a true divination, but in such instances it may be attributed to our own unconscious presentiments,—the result, perhaps, of conceptions and instincts existing beneath the reason.

However, it is in foretelling the future only that the medium receives impressions from us, since otherwise, when the object is presented by a disinterested person, the clearness of vision is not affected. The object therefore must be, in some strange manner, the means of communication between the one who has touched it and the medium, bearing an impression of the spirit, which the gifted clairvoyant may follow—as a dog tracks an individual by the scent upon the garment.

A curious point is that the person in question may not be described as he is at the exact moment of inquiry, but more probably as he usually appears. It is the habitual appearance, then, that is perceived, and thus slight mistakes in time occur. This fact though not seemingly important should be remembered in order to avoid disappointment. It should also be remembered that the medium describes only what is seen. A town may be described very accurately, but unless the name should appear somewhere in the town, naturally it cannot be given. In a trance whatever is visioned is described, and therefore there is danger of the medium announcing a death to the nearest relative, unconscious of the pain and shock that result. In the cases of many mediums precautions must be taken to prevent this.

It is pointed out that all this is no stranger than the wonders of science to which we pay little attention,—electricity, radioactivity, hypnotism, photography, and many others. The suggestion is made that we are all cells of a great organism, unconscious of the connecting current unless a powerful medium gives a momentary realization of one of its threads.

How far is Maeterlinck correct in his evidently honest conclusions? He is moving cautiously and admits for

consideration only the unquestionable. Many will feel that much more than this is known of the sphere of the supernatural, but at least he is bending a master mind upon these subjects, and, with Hyslop and many others, is giving them the weight and warrant of scientific investigation. "Our life would be reduced to something very small, indeed," he says in conclusion, "if we deliberately dismissed from it all that our understanding is unable to embrace."

This is not religion, to be sure—not in the orthodox sense—, yet it is tending very far away from materialism, and, in admitting a spiritual power impervious to distance, sense, or animal existence, it opens a door of conjecture upon the question of immortality.

Ibsen is the "moral surgeon" of the nineteenth century. Ruthless in his methods, he performed an uncompromising operation upon vice and spent his life in the effort to impress the necessity of curative reforms upon the world. True, he condemned church, state, and society, but it was hypocrisy, outworn formulas and creeds, lack of moral independence, and conventional deceit, in them, that he sought to excise. Though we cannot love this stern realist as we do many writers of lesser genius, we cannot choose but admire that nobility which demanded truth—truth at whatever cost to sentiment and tradition. He himself endeavored always to present it, unglossed by beauty, and if he erred upon the side of severity it must be remembered that by such drastic means the reformer must usually impress his lesson. Perhaps the mirror he held up to humanity was a distorting one—we hope so—yet it reflected a startling realization of defects. His frank revelations, his courageous attacks, were probably necessary to modern man's development. In many of his dramas he exposed the lack of political purity and the inefficacy of outworn ideals and laws. In *An Enemy of the People* he deals with an important phase of social and political corruption. In *Ghosts*, as in many of his less discussed dramas, he reveals the awful effects of a corrupt life and deals a staggering blow to the society that overlooks and condones. Though his ideas of heredity, impressed doubtless by Darwin, we now believe mistaken, the great truth he sought to express was the result of evil,—the retributive suffering—, and the purity of his purpose is

unquestionable. In the character of Peer Gynt we again and the fatal effects of self-indulgence. There are few of his writings in which somewhere the vices he detested are not assailed and with the most effective weapons that can be directed against immorality. Brand's tragedy, as we view it, was the result of allegiance to false standards—a lack of faith in the "God of Love." Always a firm believer in the rights of women, not only political but spiritual and individual, Ibsen struck many forceful blows in this cause. Numerous are his well-drawn female characters attesting to woman's dissatisfaction in her limited sphere. Norah, the most prominent of them all, being undeceived in her husband and herself, closed the door upon her "Doll's House" to seek individual liberty and growth.

Ibsen's standards,—truth, purity, and individual freedom, self-realization in the highest sense—,bear an underlying affinity, beneath their harshness of expression, to the principles of our other great modern thinkers.

Tolstoi, a skeptic in his youth, after a life of study and thought became deeply religious, accepting Christ's teachings literally. In the writings of this great and beloved character, as nowhere else, one finds an earnestness, a reality, and an inspiring love.

G. K. Chesterton, noted for his brilliant essays, his unusual fiction, and poetry uniquely beautiful, is a staunch defender of orthodoxy. He has "re-discovered Christianity," he tells us, and his writings are devoted to impressing the necessity and efficacy of faith and the religion of Christ.

It may be noted as significant that Bergson, the profound philosopher of our day, has made a departure in rejecting the mechanistic principle of life, and also in taking under consideration the intuitive powers of man. "Evolution," he tells us, is "something entirely different from a series of adaptations to circumstances." The development of complex organisms along different lines of evolution implies, according to mechanicalism, a series of fortunate accidents which would seem improbable, indeed, incredible. The eye of the mollusk greatly resembles our own; yet man and mollusk must have long followed diverging paths of evolution. The real refutation of mechanism, he believes, is found in the consideration of time. According to the theory of the mechanist, time would be meaningless since a

powerful intellect could be capable of calculating past, present, and future. Duration, experience, would therefore be nothing. Yet duration is "the foundation of our being and, as we feel, the very substance of the world in which we live."

In presenting his theory of the vital impetus, he says, "I mean an internal push that has carried life by more and more complex forms to higher and higher destinies. Yet this impetus is evident, and a mere glance at fossil species shows us that life need not have evolved at all, or might have evolved only in very restricted limits if it had chosen the alternative, much more convenient to itself, of becoming ankylosed in its primitive forms."

He declares that intellect alone can never grasp the meaning of life, but must call upon the assistance of intuition. "It is to the very inwardness of life," says Bergson, "that intuition leads us."

This is at least a philosophy permitting spiritual thought and encouraging it. Though religion has no part in it, yet vistas are opened up and free us from the narrow outlook of the old materialist.

Tagore, poet and philosopher of India and leader in the spiritual world to-day, speaks to the soul. Like a great light, clear and unblinding, he shines upon our darkest thoughts, and flowers of faith re-blossom. His lightest poems, so exquisite too in tone-color and delicacy, breathe of perfect serenity and exaltation. How strange a figure he seems in our world of war, cruelty, and materialism—by his calm giving us strength, uplifting us with hope! How significant his presence upon earth to-day! Not only in his own country is he revered and loved; upon all thinking people in every land his influence falls like a benediction; his philosophy is dear to the scholar.

"Let us feel that impetus of the infinite energy and be glad."

These words of Tagore are, we think, the keynote to his philosophy. In *Sadhana*, "The Realization of Life," he leads us step by step to this conclusion: the Infinite is within us. We must be conscious of this in all our thoughts and deeds, freeing ourselves as best we can from the impulses of self-life. There would be no reason to sacrifice this self-life, as he earnestly assures us, "if there were nothing

to take its place more positively perfect and satisfying." We are a spark of the divine, a part of the whole which we cannot comprehend entirely. In progress lies our real happiness, since it is the deep, true desire of the soul. More and more shall we progress as we realize Infinity and our unity with it. The soul, ever seeking perfection, must become one with it at last to the extent that the river becomes a part of the sea.

He tells us of hearing in the early dawn, in the crowd that had collected for a festival the night before, the cry, "Ferryman, take us across to the other shore." Thus we cry to-day in our ignorance and dissatisfaction, not realizing that "this shore and the other shore are one," and that as soon as we are able to say, "All my work is Thine," we shall find it here:

"Yes, here in this everlasting present, not distant or anywhere else."

While these and many others are devoting their lives to the mental and moral uplift of humanity, we shall joy in their work, nor need we fear that religion will be lost.

A Japanese Prayer

*O, Thou, Whose eyes are clear, Whose eyes are kind,
Whose eyes are full of pity and of sweetness,*

O, Thou Lovely One, With Thy face so beautiful,

*O, Thou Pure One, Whose knowledge is within, Spot-
lessly lighted from within,*

*O, Thou, forever shining like the sun, Thou, Sun-like in
the ways of Thy mercy, Pour Light upon the world!*

Science of Occult Healing

Marie Russak Hotchner

CHAPTER IV.

Hypnotism Clairvoyantly Analyzed

In this chapter I had intended to review briefly the theories, experiments, and inventions of the late Dr. Baraduc; also those of Drs. Hector and Henri Durville of Paris. Fortunately, however, I am now in communication with an expert French critic and student of psychiatry, who is in personal touch with many of the Paris scientists, and who will send articles describing in full their latest experiments. The clinic of the Durville brothers is in some respects the most important of the present day.

Before taking up the subject of the legitimacy of hypnotism from the occult standpoint, let us glance at the progress of psychotherapeutics during the last fifteen years.

The important influence which Mr. Frederick Myers exerted in this field did not wane after his death in 1901. His theories continued to be accepted by many leading investigators. Even some of the more conservative thinkers were greatly impressed by his views, but balked when they came to his theories which referred to the place of the subliminal self in epistemological experimentation. It was his statement that "no self of which we can have cognizance is, in reality, more than a fragment of a larger self, revealed in a fashion at once shifting and limited through an organism not so framed as to afford it full manifestation," which caused science to withhold her approval from all his theories. Thus the one most exact truth which scientists must eventually accept as they face the great spiritual virtues was rejected by them.

Mr. Myers' conclusion that all the phenomena produced by the healing sects in America, the mesmerists, the hypnotists, and the miracles of Lourdes and other shrines, were the result of suggestion (which I have named *suggestionism* to differentiate it from the others) was warmly supported by Dr. Bernheim and others of the Nancy School. Indeed, through their experiments this fact was demonstrated indisputably. Even though Dr. Bernheim and Mr. Myers both acknowledged the place of hypnotism, they

were both of the opinion that suggestionism, far more than hypnotism, ruled the greater part of the phenomena arising from the cures they produced.

This gave added weight to the disputed theories of Mr. Myers and a great impetus to other investigators and tended to lift hypnotism and suggestion from the realm of the ridiculous into which they had fallen after Mesmer's death and during the earlier days of public demonstration in Paris when hysteria rather than serious experimentation ruled.

The keynote of the latter was sounded out by Mr. Myers when he said: "Would not one...rather choose with Darwin the 'fool's experiment' than any immemorial ignorance which has stiffened into an unreasoning incredulity?...What Bernheim has done is to cure a number of people without mesmeric passes and without any predisposing belief on either side....And this is a most valuable achievement, especially as showing how much may be *dispensed with* in hypnotic practice—to how simple elements it may be reduced."

I do not wish to give the impression that either Mr. Myers or Dr. Bernheim discarded hypnotic sleep in the majority of cases, and used suggestionism alone; but I believe that since they simplified their experiments and recognized that suggestionism was as powerful in natural sleep as in induced sleep, that suggestionism performed its miracles sometimes without the patient being asleep at all, and that suggestionism was the real means of performing the cures, they brought about a conspicuous step in the advancement of our subject,—a better understanding of the power of suggestionism *per se*.

"I have placed suggestion, I think," said Mr. Myers, "in a truer relation to other forms of external suasion or internal will, than the Nancy School has done....I have tried to show that its real efficacy lies among subliminal processes; as an empirical facilitation of our absorption of directive force from a metetherial environment....Let men realize...that their own spirits are coöperative elements in the cosmic evolution, are part and parcel of the ultimate vitalizing power."

In spite of a spirited contention on the part of some leading practitioners over this pronouncement of Mr. Myers and his ideas of the "subconscious," a school of

scientific experimentalists gradually came to the fore, and from that time to the present have ably proved Mr. Myers' theories, and established others equally important.

I refer to the *psychopathologists*. Pathology includes the study of the passions and emotions and seeks a knowledge of them. Psychopathologists are those who apply psychotherapy to pathology.

This was the school to which I referred earlier in these articles,—a body of scientific practitioners which grew out of that circle of exact thinkers in Europe and America which had been quietly experimenting for some years along original lines. In their ranks the use of hypnotism was declining and the practice of suggestionism was steadily increasing. They were demonstrating the more advanced methods of "psychoanalyzation," "hypnoidization," "re-education," etc. In diagnosis they used hypnotism only when other methods failed. They found almost invariably that there were subconscious factors in disease and, when these were disclosed, suggestionism was generally the infallible remedy.

There was little doubt in the minds of these later practitioners that in the cases where Christian Science and New Thought, or mental healing of any kind, succeeded, the remedial agent was *suggestive* thought. Their failures to cure lay in their lack of understanding the subconscious causes of disease, or their inability or failing to diagnose the cases; they could not always therefore give the proper suggestion. These psychopathologists granted that a religious appeal to the emotions of the patient made him more hopeful and, sometimes through his faith, more receptive to curative suggestion; but even though it was perhaps commendable, they did not consider it sufficiently exact, reliable, or dependable. A knowledge of medical science was deemed by them indispensable. So they brought their medical skill to their aid in diagnosis. They also endeavored to arouse the "secondary self" of the patient to assist them in discovering the cause of the illness; and then the patient and physician coöperated in a systematic effort to combat its tyranny.

Psychopathology has established sufficient data to bear eloquent witness to the existence of what Mr. Myers called the subliminal self, what Emerson called the soul, and what

Bergson and occultists call the ego. These data are a reasonably scientific protest against materialism and atheism.

Dr. Charcot of Paris (1825-93) is believed to have been the originator of many of the actual psychopathological *experiments* made in connection with hysteria and other neurological diseases. His "discoveries" alone were sufficient to prove Mr. Myers' theories. Dr. Charcot found that suppressed griefs, frights, and other emotional and psychical disturbances, caused nervous diseases, and that their dislodgment, or the confession of them by the patient deliberately or accidentally, was often sufficient to cure him. He found that sometimes the mysterious causes would disclose themselves in hypnotic sleep, or in dreams.

Among Dr. Charcot's pupils was Dr. Pierre Janet, who was interested especially in the syndromes of hysteria and in the methods of cure of his master. His work and enthusiasm soon led him to fame as a psychopathologist. His experiments also demonstrated the truth of Mr. Myers' theories, though he never openly acknowledged the fact of the subliminal self. Rather he seemed destined to perfect a comprehensive system for the treatment of hysteria, which death prevented Dr. Charcot himself from completing. Dr. Janet has given a full presentation of his ideas in his Harvard Lectures published as *The Major Symptoms of Hysteria*.

Another of Dr. Charcot's able pupils was Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, who became deeply interested in this method, and who upon his return to his native city also studied with a Dr. Joseph Breuer—the latter having also made some interesting discoveries while applying Aristotle's Catharsis to mental and emotional diseases. Together they founded the Vienna school of psychoanalysis and their joint endeavors were published in their book, *Studien über Hysteria*, issued in 1909. (See *Reviews*, page 88 of this magazine.)

It was not long till Dr. Carl Jung, another distinguished psychopathologist, had established a school of psychoanalysis at Zurich. There was soon much rivalry between it and the Vienna school.

Among the most distinguished of our American psychopathologists of the present time are Dr. Morton Prince and Dr. Boris Sidis, both of Boston. They have been studying and experimenting for many years.

Dr. Prince specializes in a method which he calls *psychic reëducation*. In 1898 he published an explanation of his method in his book called *Dissociation of a Personality*. He endeavors to enlist the coöperation of a patient in his own cure by minutely analyzing and studying the disease with the sufferer himself, and then aiding him to overcome it through an appeal to his strength of character and will-power. He reëducates the *morale* of the patient.

His method seems more limited than that of Dr. Boris Sidis, who possesses a rare power of suggestionizing his patients. Dr. Sidis is a Russian who came to America in 1898 and, even while only a student at Harvard, published an erudite work on the *Psychology of Suggestion*. He finally became an Associate in Psychopathology in the New York State hospitals.

The puissant influence of Mr. Myers' hypotheses and conclusions is nowhere more evident than in the work of Dr. Sidis, who says: "My interest in psychopathology dates from the day I became acquainted with the results of Frederick Myers' preliminary studies of the subconscious. It was Myers who first opened my eyes to the close relationship between psychology and medicine."

Dr. Sidis calls his method *hypnoidization*, and he relies much upon the patient's *reserve energy*. He believes that this is an energy which is not called out on all occasions automatically; but that through systematic training the patient can be taught to draw on this source of strength in a special way. Thus he believes that the patient's nature can be reformed and the causes of psychical diseases eliminated.

Hypnoidization is not the deep sleep of hypnosis. This is the process in his own words:

"The patient is asked to close his eyes and to keep as quiet as possible. He is then asked to attend to some stimulus such as reading or singing or to some monotonous beats of a metronome. When the reading is over, the patient, with his eyes shut, is asked to repeat it and tell what comes into his mind during the reading, or during the repetition, or immediately after it. Sometimes the patient is simply asked to tell the nature of the ideas and images that have entered his mind. This should be carried out in a very quiet place, and the room should be darkened...."

Modifications of this method are made by having the patient look at an object, then close his eyes and describe it. Sometimes he is asked to concentrate his attention on a subject closely related to his malady; sometimes he is asked to look at a glass of water with the light shining through it; sometimes monotonous sounds are kept going, such as the beats of a metronome. "In short, the method of hypnoidization is not necessarily fixed...but is adjusted to the idiosyncrasies of the patient."

This throws him, or rather the patient throws himself, into a sort of semi-sleeping state in which he often recalls, with a great wealth of detail, experiences which have long been forgotten; thus the mysterious causes of his illness are discovered. The patient is self-hypnoidized, not hypnotized through the will-power of another as in former methods.

Dr. Sidis' recent book, *Symptomatology, Psychognosis and Diagnosis of Psychopathic Diseases* (Boston: Richard G. Badger), is a work of inestimable value to the student of psychotherapeutics. Some of his conclusions, drawn from illuminating analyses, are forceful and convincing; with some of them the occultist could not agree, nor would he agree with them.

Even though he acclaims the place and power of hypnotism, it is interesting to see how he discards the incest theory of Freud, and frankly admits the independent complex mental systems of automatic writing, shell-hearing, crystal-gazing, and coëxistent double and multiple personalities. And it is indeed gratifying to learn that, in the majority of his experiments, hypnosis and other trance and somatic conditions were discarded because they were useless or harmful to higher animals and because they were produced artificially in part of the human race.

These are some of the theories and practices that are supplanting the more material, cruder ones, and they certainly demonstrate what true progress scientific practitioners are making towards metaphysical things,—things that the occultist has long believed and held sacred, and that he has desired the scientist to recognize and demonstrate for those who rely upon his methods for guidance. It is truly significant that so many reputable physicians are really acknowledging metaphysical and subconscious factors in their regular practice; and that some of them admit the

influence even of spiritistic forces and agencies. Each one of the psychopathologists is utilizing all his knowledge and scientific experimentation while endeavoring to solve the problems of mental therapeutics.

The importance of metaphysical factors in neuroses and psychoses is now almost universally recognized; and scientists, as well as the Theosophists, Christian Scientists, New Thoughtists, Metaphysicians, and other mystical and occult societies, are all elements in the progress that mental healing is making in the world. The world's pain and disease are being greatly alleviated by their successful efforts, which demonstrates the fact of the existence of divine potencies within and without which answer to the will of the ego in man.

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We now come to the widely discussed question, Is hypnotism a legitimate practice?

In giving my own conclusions in reply, let me first state that they are purely personal and drawn from years of first-hand observation and study of the various phenomena, ranging from the simplest faith-cure to those of the intricate complexes of hypnotism at the Nancy School.

Let it be clearly understood: I am not advocating hypnotism, but trying to explain what my occult investigations have disclosed in relation to it and to other forms of healing. I have never practiced hypnotism myself, nor have I ever consented to be hypnotized: my reasons will be given later.

It is unfortunate that the exaggerated and unwarranted prejudice against hypnotism so often deters serious students from investigating its merit as a therapeutic agent. Such study is almost indispensable to a proper understanding of the use and the misuse of healing forces.

A great deal of the existing prejudice against hypnotism has arisen because of its mysterious nature, the sensationalism which surrounded its discovery by Mesmer (though it was not given its present name until later), and the unjustifiable condemnation of him by the Faculty of Medicine in Paris. Unfortunately, too, at the end of the last century there were many unprincipled operators who insisted upon satisfying the morbid curiosity of a gaping public, and made their hypnotized subjects do ridiculous

things and commit all sorts of imaginary crimes. This aroused no end of misconceptions concerning it (even as used by serious investigators) in the minds of those who judge emotionally and are therefore unjust and unlogical.

(Intemperate mentation from emotionalism is judged by many persons as being even more vicious than intemperance in the physical body, from alcoholism. Let us remember therefore that it is in the fifth stage of the occult classification of mental progress that the true judge is to be found, even though he may be on the lowest rung of its lofty ladder.)

It is true that there is a phase of hypnotism that is very objectionable and dangerous; but the critical faculty is of no value if it has not the power to study all phases of a subject, and to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong. Let us try to analyze and classify the phenomena, then we shall better understand them and the work of a large number of serious medical practitioners who use hypnotism, and whose motives are honest. They have performed thousands upon thousands of miracle cures—are still performing them—thus relieving people from agonizing pains and from dread diseases, physical, moral, mental. Would it not be wholly untrue to call them criminal, simply because a few crimes are from time to time committed by dishonest hypnotists? Equally inaccurate is it to call them all “black magicians.”

There is an almost infallible test for the legitimacy of every reasonable happening, ranging from the simplest prayer of daily life to the intricate complexities of thought and action: it lies in the answer to the question, Is the motive for the action pure and unselfish?

In our own study of hypnotism let us analyze separately the operator and the subject: then seek to understand the nature of the potencies which are being used. The influence of those potencies, and the phenomena produced by both operator and subject, are much the same in the simplest forms of healing through faith-cure as in those of deliberate hypnotic processes. The unconscious ignorance of a practitioner does not alter the laws governing the action of nature's subtler forces, even though it may somewhat limit the scope of that action and the extent of the cure.

Occultists know that man possesses an aura of organized

subtle matter which radiates from him at varying distances but remains within a prescribed periphery. Scientific investigations have proved its existence, and photographs have been made of it. There are many very interesting illustrated books on the subject. Several facts are also known in connection with the aura (sometimes called the vehicle of the personality):—that it has been gradually organized through long stages of evolutionary processes; that it contains the essence of all past experiences in action, emotion, and mentation; that these results are constantly expressing themselves in its constitution and emanations; that the will, in every action, emotion, and mentation, carries with it a responsive movement in the organized matter of the aura expressing these qualities, and that there is a magnetic attraction or affinity between each particle of organized matter in the aura and every other cosmic particle of corresponding essence outside itself—and within other auras as well. The degree or strength of the magnetic attraction of the several qualities is regulated by its rate of vibration. Evolution and its forces, through the agency of experience, are the fires which steadily refine the matter of the aura. While this is taking place the consciousness in man unfolds in ever-increasing measure so that he may finally express to perfection the highest within him.

* In the light of these truths we will now analyze the hypnotist, who is called:

The Operator—Let us divide the aura of the average operator into its different expressions (three general ones will suffice but there are really seven in all):

1. *The Action or Physical*—The physical matter and ethers of the aura should show positive vitality and health; otherwise, following the effort of will, any weakness, any sluggishness, and the subtle particles of matter which exist as a result of disease, will follow its intent and direction, as emanations from the operator, and will flow into the already diseased body of the patient. This is especially true when the treatment is given by the laying on of hands, or even by only sitting near the patient. Such emanations themselves reach with difficulty a very *distant* subject: the *vibrations* may reach him but not the particularized *particles* of matter from the aura of the operator. The vibrations will carry with them the intent of the operator and will

affect the distant subject accordingly. If en route they happen to pick up other emanations of a kind like their own, which may be in the immediate vicinity of the subject, they will add these to themselves, and carry them into the aura of the subject when they reach him.

2. *Emotion*—The particles of matter vibrating at the rate which permits the quality of *emotion* to express itself, interpenetrate the physical-etheric in his aura. These should be pure and should express "health" of the senses, desires, and emotions. The concentrated effort of will in his intention carries into the aura of the subject the particles of emotional matter clothing it. If they are powerful and of a higher rate of vibration than those in the emotions of the subject, they will force out those of the latter and take their place. The scope of these particles of emotion is more extended than that of the physical particles, owing to their higher rate of vibration; therefore they are more volatile and answer more readily to the concentrated intent of the operator.

3. *Mentation*—Let us view the action of the operator's will and intent as they play upon the particles of matter in his aura which answer to mentation, which are clothing his thoughts, and which also penetrate the physical and emotional particles in it. As he turns his will upon his subject these forces of mentation rush into him and, if they are stronger—of greater rate of vibration—than those already there, they will force out the subject's mentated particles from his aura, and enter in and take their place.

In other words the operator *disintegrates* the personality of his subject, and *integrates* his own within the periphery of the latter's aura. It is a very startling phenomenon when witnessed clairvoyantly. It lays bare the objectionable features of hypnotism and the desirable ones of suggestionism: we shall study the latter in their proper place.

The three conditions described obtain principally in the actional, emotional, and mental particles of the vehicles of the operator. Let us now observe those of the subject.

The Subject—At the commencement of the hypnotization, if he consents to it, he makes himself negative and eventually sleeps. Since he possesses in his own vehicles particles of matter vibrating to his own actions, emotions, and thoughts, the corresponding particles and potencies

from the operator (following the latter's intent and will), rush into the open, passive, receptive avenues of the subject's aura, and force out the particles of matter already there.

This process is difficult to express in words, and it is technical to a certain degree. But technical study and analyses of details should never be a bore; therefore let us look still further into these processes, for they need to be understood before we can possess an intelligent grasp of our topic.

What I have described so far is the more general aspect of what clairvoyance discloses. Let us now observe more particularly, and examine the intent of the operator,—his determined thought guided by the will. Such concentration is very puissant: its power of penetration is cumulative; hence practice makes powerful.

When his perfectly concentrated will is aroused to action, the forces in his aura become focused like the rays of a searchlight—as powerfully and penetratingly. The particles of organized matter in the aura of the sleeping, negative subject are dispelled unresistingly.

When the particles of action, emotion, and mentation of the operator are once substituted for those of the subject, the operator begins his *suggestionizing process*. As the particles upon which the operator is now casting his suggestionizing thoughts are in truth *his own* (those of the subject having departed), they answer to their master very readily, even though they are functioning in a strange aura. The qualities of action, emotion, and thought of the operator, which have thus been implanted, remain in the subject as he sleeps and, when he awakens, they *act for him, feel for him, think for him*, and bring about curative and other effects in his personality. They will stay there and function until sufficient time has elapsed for the ordinary events in the life of the subject to force them out and to recreate his own once more.

If the *bodily tissue* of the subject has become affected by the disease from which he is suffering, the imposed, vitalized, health-laden particles of etheric matter from the operator during their sojourn play upon the diseased tissues, bathe them with new life, and recoup their waning forces to such an extent that one can often observe an almost immediate betterment, and often a complete cure.

The same radical changes take place in the *emotional* particles of the subject's aura, and, as they are vibrating much more powerfully than those of the physical-etheric, they have correspondingly a more forceful healing effect upon the emotions. In plain words, a part of the morality and feelings of the operator becomes the temporary property of his subject. If the operator *is* moral, and the subject has formerly been suffering from an immoral disease or emotional weakness, he will now, for a time anyway, *become* moral with another's strength. The weak morals which created the disease and emotions of the subject are thus crowded out, the moral strength of the operator substituted, and the latter has time, during its temporary sojourn, so to impress with its strength the brain and *matter* which make up the emotional vehicle of the subject, that he will be cured temporarily. The subject will continue to express the morals of the operator so long as the particles from the latter's aura are substituted for his own—until they in their turn are crowded out by the renewed emotional experiences of the subject, which recreate his own. Even when the emotional particles of the operator are thus in their turn forced back and out, they do not in their recession carry away all of their previously implanted influences. The latter often remain for months or longer: this is the case especially when the subject has been repeatedly hypnotized and suggestionized by one operator.

The subject can also, through automatic action, draw upon the vibrations of his operator's aura, even though not in his presence; and he will often *automatically* fall into hypnotic sleep when thinking of the operator or of something associated with him. During this automatic sleep he continues to draw upon the vibrations of the operator, whether or not the latter is aware of it. (I shall have more to write on this point when we come to the use and abuse of healing forces.)

The immediate physical results in this case are not generally so powerful, but the greater force and volatility of the emotional and mental vibrations affect the subject *very* considerably, owing to the automatism which results from the repeated efforts—treatments—of the operator.

The vibrations of the operator's *mentation*, especially in suggestionizing, become one-pointed and powerful in

their penetration and duration. An automatic "answer" to them from the subject may occur even months after they have been implanted in his aura. They are not so easily crowded out as those of the physical and emotional vehicles, because they are much more powerful than the subject's mental particles; also, there are many spaces in which they can lodge, for a negative, passive mentality has little resisting power. The brain and mind of even an insane person are not wholly passive; in fact, statistics prove that only one per cent. of insane persons can be hypnotized. They are positive, alert, and obsessed with fertile, fixed, even though mistaken, ideas. It is the loosely organized mentality that is easily influenced; a well balanced mind, one that is positive and steady, cannot be readily affected unless it deliberately permits itself to become passive; then it may receive the imposed will of an operator.

From these facts it is easy to discern how great is the responsibility of the operator; also what a risk the subject runs by submitting to hypnotic influence. Some people think that the risk is worth while because the physical suffering is relieved. This may be so; but if it were physical results alone that followed from hypnotic processes, there would not be so many objectionable features—especially if the operator were always a moral man, with perfect physical health. But there are so many seeds of weaknesses, moral and mental, that can and may be implanted in the aura of another by hypnotism, if he happens to be weaker than the operator or inclined to his same weaknesses—to say nothing of placing one's will subservient to another's—, that on the whole hypnotism is repellent: more than that, it is fraught with subtle dangers. Those who say that it is not have not seen clairvoyantly what takes place: it is difficult to realize the dangers otherwise. Besides, pure suggestionism without hypnotism will accomplish practically the same curative results.

In the next chapter we shall study some of the clairvoyant disclosures in the different *stages* of hypnotism, and in specific cases of healing through suggestionism, faith-cure, miracles, and prayer.

A Call to the Women of the World

Louise R. Waite

On Tuesday evening, January 12, 1915, I was impressed to arise from my bed and write.

As I began, I felt a power and force passing through me that exceeded anything I had ever felt since writing "The Great Day of God." The call "Awake! Awake!" came forth as from a trumpet. I trembled with its power. As I wrote on, a mental picture arose before me—the battlefield—and all the madness and devastation of war—the men intoxicated with blood "drunk from a skull-shaped cup." And by this scene of woe stood a woman, representing the sisterhood of the world, her arms high above her head, holding aloft a censer cup shaped like a heart, and made of the hearts of women, which were as rubies rare filled with the fire of pain. From out this censer poured a soft white smoke, "the incense of her prayers," which, penetrating the thick, black clouds of war, rose higher and higher unto heaven, till lost to mortal sight, yet reaching up to the very throne of God. Then the picture changed, and the redeemed soldier—the answer to her prayers—returned to her from the grasp of death, to love and to life, and clothed in righteousness, reclaimed from strife, a perfect man—the noblest work of God.

The next morning I read and re-read the "Call," and the incense arose from my own heart again; and as I copied the poem I again lived it all over. A little later in the day I was impressed to take up my Bible, which I did, and opened to *Revelation*, viii. The first thing my eyes fell upon was, "And the smoke of incense which came with the prayers of the saints ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." I was thrilled through. The fifth verse read: "And there were voices, and thunders and lightnings and an earthquake."

In the evening newspaper the first thing I read was: "Earthquake. Pope prays as Vatican is shaken;" then the account of the earthquake that had taken place. The article stated: "Pope Benedict was saying mass for peace when the quake occurred. The pontiff knelt and prayed during the shocks; then he continued mass." I calculated the difference in time and found the time of the earthquake and the time I finished writing the "Call" were the same.

*Ye women of the world, awake, awake!
Ye mothers, wives, and daughters, sisters, friends
Of men who make and men who go to war,
And all ye women who in Love and Truth
Are bound by cords of common sisterhood,
Awake ye all! Awake ye now and pray;
Aye, pray as ye have never prayed before,
"That God may send us peace."
In vain we seek to gain the ear of those
Who over nations hold a strong control.
They are intoxicated with the blood
Shed in profusion on the battlefields*

THE CHANNEL

*And drunk from out the skull-shaped cup of war;
 And think they thus in their delirium deep,
 To quench their thirst of envy, greed, and hate,
 Which but the greater grows by being fed.
 It is indeed a time to call a halt
 To man-made laws—and made by men alone—
 Men who make war and crush out precious lives,
 The flowering of each country, state, and home,
 And grind the heart of women 'neath their feet.
 But justice will prevail, tho' long it seem,
 The balance will in time attained be,
 And man and woman equal stand at last.
 But now, now, mid these hours of untold woe,
 These hours of deepest darkness and despair,
 When civilization seems to backward roll
 And all the laws of Mercy are annulled,
 Now, let us turn to God in simple faith,
 And pray! For all the sages of the past
 Have bade us pray—"for prayer availeth much."
 So to this end, ye women of the world,
 Awake! Come forth and as a unit stand,
 Held fast together by the sacred bond
 Of Universal Sisterhood, and sealed
 With holy seal of mutual love,
 Of mutual sorrow, pain, and sympathy,
 With every line of difference wiped away,
 No thought of race or creed to enter in;
 And let all hearts be welded into one—
 One Mighty Heart—to form a censer cup,
 To hold on high; a censer cup, fashioned
 Of rubies rare, and filled with the fire of pain,
 And with the incense of our daily prayers,
 Which, rising, ever rising unto heaven,
 May penetrate the clouds made thick by war,
 And reach at last the very throne of God.
 Then for the sake of her who gave her all,
 Who suffers tortures only women know,
 In answer to the incense of her prayers,
 The days of anguish may the sooner end
 And man be brought to Brotherhood and Life;
 And stand once more, not lower than the beast,
 But, clothed in righteousness, redeemed from strife,
 A perfect man,—the noblest work of God.
 So let us as a Sisterhood of Peace,
 Unite in prayer for these, our brother-men,
 And for this weary, war-sick, stricken earth,
 That God may hear; and hearing, send relief.
 In Him with faith let each heart firmly trust,
 For down the ages has it ever rung
 "Pray ye! O, pray, for prayer availeth much."*

Citizens of Heaven

J. C. Johnston

Immersed as we are in this world of sense, beaten down, drowned, almost, by the flooding light of our human reason, we find it difficult, at times well-nigh impossible, to keep in remembrance that other world from which we came, to which infallibly one day we shall return. The man of sense,—you or I, that is, in our everyday mood—, has been armed by the heavenly powers with so keen an appreciation of the plain matter of fact, that the matter of principle, matter of causation, matter of law, comes to be something unreal, unreal almost to non-existence. This table at which I sit, this pen I handle, these physical surroundings,—carpet, fireplace, room, house, city—, are so real, so obviously, so almost grossly tangible. I can see them, feel them, smell them, taste them even, if I am so inclined. But virtue, honour, truth, what can I do with these? Can I eat virtue? sell honour? build my house upon truth? I cannot. What use, then, is there for these things?

Such is the plain man's view. Such is apt to be the view of all of us in the midday of our strength and prosperity. This world is so near, that world so far. Our sun shines so bright; yet, "when sun goes in, the little stars appear." And it is often on a bed of sickness, at the grave of a friend, in some moment of earthly sorrow or defeat, that we meet the Master.

"This world is so near, that world so far away. This world so real, that one so dim and misty." Thus the man of sense. And yet—is this world so real? Let us leave the man of sense for the moment and go to those intermediaries, perhaps the only intermediaries we will all consent to recognize, between this world and that which lies beyond, let us go to the men of science and ask them. What has modern science to say as regards our "real" world, in which we do our marrying and giving in marriage, our buying and selling, and so many other interesting things?

"My friend," so will begin our man of science, "this table at which you sit is not the rectangular, solid object, which you imagine it to be, of such and such colour, such and such weight and so on. Or, at least, it is all these

things to the extent of presenting a strong and vivid appearance of them; but what it is in reality I do not know. I can only tell you that, if my science is to be believed, this solid-seeming, ponderable, not to say ponderous object, is actually a dance of inconceivably tiny bodies called electrons, whirling at the speed of light in grouped systems which we call atoms; that these atoms arrange themselves—why, we know not—in certain definite aggregates called molecules, which again build themselves up—why we know not—into other aggregates called cells; and that from these cells in the process of time comes the table.”

Thus we can see our “real” world reduced to a shadow-dance of the electrons. And the electrons—what are they? “We call them kinks in the ether,” says our man of science. And the ether? At this point science fails us; we pass into the realm of faith, we touch infinitude, and for time we take in exchange eternity.

“Blessed are,” said One Who was wiser than the sons of men. “Blessed are”—and He named certain classes of people who live in bliss or are blessed. We in our sense-blinded way imagine that when Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount, He was expressing some lofty, tous quite unattainable, ideal. And so, in one sense, He was. For the state of mind which He described was certainly lofty as compared with our ordinary, everyday wishes and ambitions, and unattainable the world has taken good care to make His teaching, by the simple process of never even trying to attain it. Yet, although to us the ideal is lofty, to Him it was nothing but a plain matter of fact. The word “blessed” used by Christ in His Sermon is a technical term proper to the mysteries, and means one who is capable of living in eternity, or in a state of eternal bliss. When Christ pronounces His beatitudes, it is for all the world as though an enthusiastic Englishman should address a company of Melanesian head-hunters and say to them, “Happy is the man who abstains from his neighbor’s head, for he can be incorporated in the British Empire.” The British Empire cannot extend its citizenship to head-hunters. As little can the Kingdom of Heaven tolerate strife-makers, wealth-grabbers, and other similar features of our civilization.

The Sermon on the Mount is a bare statement of fact, of eternal fact. In it the minimum qualifications are laid

down for citizenship in God's Kingdom. Unless we can attain to these qualifications we are eternally shut out from God's Kingdom; not eternally in the sense of "for ever and ever," but eternally because that which is not within God's Kingdom, or eternal happiness, is, so long as it remains outside, in eternal unhappiness. Eternity cannot be measured in units of time, nor is it amenable to the laws of space. That which is in time is not in eternity, although that which is in eternity may also be in time. It is for this reason that Christ said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Ideals, then, are our partial apprehension of eternal facts. When our ideals have ceased to be ideals and have become facts, we have so far entered eternity and have become citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven. We should accustom ourselves therefore to look at things from the heavenly standpoint, not by some process of spiritual gymnastics (analogous to the expedient of the little boy who, wearying of his everyday surroundings, obtained an entirely new outlook upon the universe by tucking his head between his legs), nor by vague meditations upon spiritual things, but by the simple recognition of the simple fact that justice, honour, mercy, and all the other ideals, are real things in eternity, just as real as the people we know and the houses we live in.

What this means is that before God's throne there stand Angels, the Angel of God's Mercy, the Angel of God's Judgment, and many others, and that these are real Angels, just as real as our own friends and relatives; indeed much, much more real, in that so much more of the Love of God (which is the Life of God and the Truth of God) flows through those Angels than it does through us. What to us are ideals, in the Kingdom of God are facts, and not dead facts, either, but living and loving facts. When we on earth do a deed of mercy we actually touch the consciousness of the Angel of God's Mercy, and some of God's Life, Love, and Truth flowing through that Angel passes down through us and into the object of our mercy. Thus "the quality of mercy . . . blesses him that gives and him that takes." This is the law. And again, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Or, when on earth we do a deed of justice, we draw down on us the consciousness of the Angel of God's Justice; and so with the other

virtues. But when we do a deed of love, we call down the sweet influence of all the Angels, for every Angel is a messenger of God's Love.

And so we can see that our ideals, which are much worshipped but little regarded upon the earth, are in fact most powerful, well-nigh omnipotent levers in the affairs of men. For, by them, and by them alone, can we effectually touch the consciousness of the Angels of God's Presence, the veritable Rulers of Heaven and Earth. These ideals are not small things, or mean things, or foolish things: rather they are the appointed channels through which the Grace of God descends upon earth, and by which our own hearts and minds are raised and purified until we are fitted to realize our destiny and become that which we should never have ceased to be,—Citizens of Heaven.

Utopia and War

Sir Thomas More wrote of his Utopians: "They detest war as a very brutal thing; and which, to the reproach of human nature, is more practised by men than by any sorts of beasts. They, in opposition to the sentiment of almost all other nations, think that there is nothing more inglorious then the glory which is gained by war. And therefore, though they accustom themselves daily to military exercises and the discipline of war, in which not only their men, but likewise their women are trained up, that in cases of necessity they may not be quite useless; yet they do not rashly engage in war, unless it be either to defend themselves, or their friends, from any unjust aggressors; or out of good nature or in compassion for an oppressed nation in shaking off the yoke of tyranny."

The Doris Case of Quintuple Personality*

Reviewed and Annotated by Marie Russak Hotchner

This valuable contribution of Dr. Prince's is drawn from nineteen hundred pages of manuscript, the daily record of three years' observations and treatment of Doris Fisher. Her case is unique in the realms of multiple personality, so far as complex syndromes and sensational features are concerned. Her body was used as an instrument by no less than four other entities besides herself: they came, lived, developed, and finally receded—dying, each in turn—thus releasing the primal personality from its bondage of obscurity. We shall consider them *seriatim*.

[I shall place in brackets certain of my own observations bearing upon occult facts, in order to separate them from the purely medicinal record of Dr. Prince.]

1. *Real Doris*—The psychic heroine of this most unusual and weirdly interesting story was born of German parents, in 1889. They were well-to-do at one time, but later the father became a dipsomaniac and this plunged the family into poverty and hardship. The mother was gentle and refined. A pathetic feature of the story was that she pined for the beautiful refinements of life which were impossible owing to the gross character of her husband and his poverty. So she and little Doris used to spend long hours in imaginative musing, constructing "castles in Spain": this they called playing a "supposing game." Doris was temperamentally her mother's child—delicate, refined, and psychically sensitive. At the age of three, her father in a fit of ill-temper dashed her to the floor, and at that moment the first of these extraneous personalities intruded itself into Doris. By the time she was carried upstairs, still another personality had also manifested.

[Clairvoyant investigation has shown that if a person is psychically sensitive, there are discarnate entities who are constantly near him, being psychically attracted. They are usually such entities as are either earth-bound or determined, by fair means or foul, to get into touch with earth conditions and living people.

*Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*; Richard G. Badger, Publisher, Boston.

A psychically-sensitive person has his physical, emotional, and mental principles or vehicles (his aura) more delicately correlated, especially if he be mediumistic, than those who are less psychic. Therefore, if any severe shock occurs to him, or if his vehicles are overstimulated through some cause, "fissures" rapidly develop to a very marked degree. Such a shock may partly separate the vehicles one from the other and "loosen" the points and lines of contact between the subtle matter of these vehicles and that of the purely physical matter of the body. The resultant fissures have the appearance of long jagged grooves, and it is into these that the obsessing entity plunges himself and holds fast so long as the fissures exist.

These fissures are also created sometimes by a sudden grief or fear, or by the gradual disintegrating effects of intoxicating drinks or narcotic poisons. In the former case the fissures develop at once; in the latter they are eroded gradually. In either case, if the person is psychic, he is liable to obsession.

The healing of these fissures is one of the most useful powers of skilfully applied suggestionism.]

The personality who was discovered at the falling to the floor of Real Doris, was called:

2. *Sleeping Margaret*—She always insisted that she came to Real Doris just before the fall, but it was a few moments after it that she first consciously manifested her subconscious presence. She contested the right of a personality who manifested a few minutes later when Real Doris, after having been carried upstairs, was placed on the bed.

She was mature, with fine intelligence, and when receding never lapsed into childhood as did the others. She was the special riddle of the case, and manifested only when Real Doris and Margaret (about to be described) were sleeping. But she professed never to sleep and never oscillated in the clarity of her understanding. The personality who manifested a few minutes after her was called:

3. *Margaret*—She was a bundle of emotions, domineering and very playful. She would sometimes interrupt Sleeping Margaret in the middle of a word; and there was no doubt of these two being in Doris at the same time, because the particular expressions of the two sometimes flitted over

her face simultaneously. This was puzzling to Dr. Prince, and he asks, "Is it possible for two individualized complexes to operate not only together but at the same physical level?"

[There are several levels in the physical, emotional, and mental vehicles differentiated by varying rates of vibrations; and clairvoyant investigation has shown that it is perfectly possible for two complexes to manifest through the same vehicle at once, if they are of themselves vibrating on differing levels of development. For instance: two emotional entities of different kinds could fasten simultaneously to the same emotional fissure of a sensitive. But each must be vibrating to a different level in his own emotional vehicle and in that of the sensitive.

There was no difficulty in Sleeping Margaret and Margaret occupying the personality of Real Doris together, because they were so different temperamentally.

When Real Doris fell, she struck her head, and the repercussion jarred a "fissure" which commenced at the point where the mental vehicle joins the brain and the *mental*-emotional centers, and then elongated itself to the region of the emotional vehicle and as far as the solar plexus. Into the part of the fissure nearest the brain and the mental vehicle, rushed Sleeping Margaret who was distinctly more mental than emotional in temperament. She was more advanced than Margaret—a higher type—and therefore her vehicles were of higher vibration.

The emotional or lower part of the fissure, following in the wake of the mental one and extending to the solar plexus, originated because of the *crise* in Doris's intense emotions when her father threw her violently down, and it developed during the few minutes required to carry her upstairs. The very emotional imp, Margaret, rushed into and obsessed that part of the lower fissure to which she temperamentally vibrated and she manifested just as they were laying Doris on the bed—a few minutes after Sleeping Margaret had obsessed the mental part of the fissure at a higher level.

The doctor wonders that Margaret never had any access to the mind of Sleeping Margaret. This is quite natural because the latter was on a higher plane in the mental vehicle of Doris to which the emotions and less-

developed mind of Margaret could not possibly vibrate. He also wonders how Margaret could interrupt the speech of Sleeping Margaret as though she was unaware of her presence. This is because the emotional fissure in which Margaret lived was much nearer the physical matter (in fact next to it) in vibration, and therefore she was closer to and in greater control of the physical organs, whereas Sleeping Margaret was once removed from them, and therefore secondary in control.

Some of my readers may wonder how I know these facts. Let me explain: a photograph of Doris Fisher is before me, and by a certain regressive process of mentalization I can trace the occult record of what really took place. This research is allowable in cases that are submitted for scientific study. I personally investigated a less complex case in Germany some years ago.]

Margaret and Real Doris experienced some trying times together because Margaret insisted on dominating her at certain times. If Real Doris had not been weak physically and full of fear emotionally, this would not have been possible. Margaret's occasional lies greatly troubled Real Doris's crystal verity. It is weirdly pathetic to read from the doctor's report that when Real Doris went to sleep at night, Margaret was always ready to come in and work out her lessons for school, by the light of the street lamp, so that they were ready for her the next day. But finally the studies grew too far advanced for the ten-year-old Margaret. In school Margaret often played impish tricks, then receded, and left Real Doris to receive the laughter of her playmates and the reproof of her teacher.

Margaret possessed *very* keen senses. She could read words and parts of sentences by the slightest momentary contact of her fingers with the doctor's lips. She also read his mind by gazing into his eyes when he was not aware of it.

[It was not long ago that Helen Keller claimed that she heard Caruso sing by touching her fingers to his lips; yet some scientists disclaimed her power to do so.]

One day in 1906, when Real Doris was seventeen and absent from home, she had a visual impression of her mother being in distress. Running home she found her dying, though she had left her quite well in the morning.

The shock of this was terrible to Doris. Later, the intoxicated father came in, threw himself down on the bed beside the comatose wife, and remained in a state of drunken stupor. This intensified the shock and caused Doris' head to ache violently. The mother died and, as Doris drew the sheet over the dead face, her grief and physical pain rent another and a lower fissure: into this a new personality intruded itself and was called:

4. *Sick Doris*—A little child with "no initial knowledge of any person, any name or word, any object or fact whatever, while she only instinctively, as it were, performed the simplest acts, such as rising, sitting down, walking, and handling things."

[This obsessing entity was a deaf and dumb Dutch girl who had died about two years before. She developed hip disease at the age of seven, and died from tubercular degeneration of the bone at the age of ten. These facts, obtained by clairvoyant investigation, Dr. Prince does not know; nor would he accept them, probably, as science does not admit such evidence.]

Real Doris scarcely manifested at all during the two months following the mother's death. Margaret and Sick Doris replaced her. A strange feature is here revealed. Margaret educated the little Sick Doris, taught her to speak by subliminal processes and to do manual labor and embroidery. Sick Doris, we are told, did not know the names of things and had a wooden expression, undemonstrative temperament, and a monotonous, colorless voice.

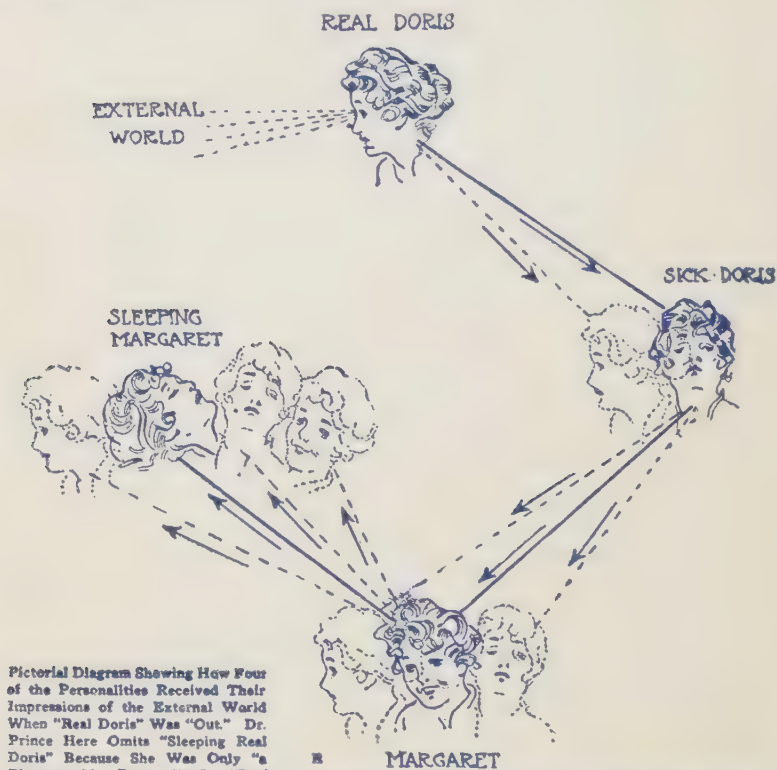
[This was the result of her former deaf and dumb existence when she had never heard the names of things, and made only the monotonous sounds through her lips, peculiar to deaf mutes not otherwise trained.]

Margaret called her *Sick Doris* because she complained of pains in her internal organs, and had many imaginary illnesses.

A year after Sick Doris came, another personality manifested itself when an additional fissure developed in the already much-"erupted" Real Doris who fell on the back of her head. This new complex was strengthened by another fall, later, and was called:

5. *Sleeping Real Doris*—This was only a vague, shadowy personality and spoke only when Real Doris was

asleep. She was often nothing but echoes of the other personalities. But the doctor says of her that "she could no doubt have been educated into self-consciousness and sundry forms and degrees of mental functioning. Indeed, she showed such a disposition to respond to the few tentative essays which were made in this direction that I took alarm and wholly abstained from any unnecessary repetition. The sequel was that the feeble flame which for a brief space seemed to burn a little brighter, soon faded and suddenly went out altogether."



Pictorial Diagram Showing How Four of the Personalities Received Their Impressions of the External World When "Real Doris" Was "Out" Dr. Prince Here Omits "Sleeping Real Doris" Because She Was Only "a Phonographic Personality" "Real Doris" Sees the World Directly; "Sick Doris" Receives Her Thoughts and Has Consciousness of Her Own "Margaret" Receives Thoughts of "Sick Doris" and "Real Doris" and Has Independent Ones of Her Own and "Sleeping Margaret" Receives Those of All the Others While Having Her Own Independent Ones.

In the latter part of 1909, Mrs. Prince began to take an interest in Doris Fisher, and the first foundations of her cure were laid by the former, when she insisted that the girl should dine sometimes at her home, and she would then help her to get some restful sleep. The vicissitudes of

Doris's home life made proper food and sleep almost impossible. Her peculiar condition, too, made it necessary for Mrs. Prince to give her careful vigilance, as writhings and twitchings and very disturbed sleep troubled her. Often she had to be held by main force. The interest and care of the case finally began to affect Mrs. Prince's health, and it was then that Dr. Prince determined to share his wife's efforts to help Doris; and, in January, 1911, he began the scientific study of her case. In March he adopted her, and by psychopathic and other treatments finally cured her.

The weirdly fascinating story of the action of the personalities is continued by Dr. Prince over three years' time as he lived with each, conversed with each, studied the strength, peculiarities, and weaknesses of each. Then he describes how four of them were finally lost by receding into oblivion. All this time the charming Real Doris grew gradually stronger, and finally became herself again.

One personality would manifest in her until it seemed to exhaust itself; then while it rested another took its place until it in turn became exhausted, and another came in. "When the primary personality was submerged it seemed to be laying up a new supply of force." Margaret knew this and would say, "I am resting the Real Doris."

Dr. Prince tried "calling" *Real Doris* by certain formulae, but this was laid aside, for he could not always tell when she was sufficiently rested to return. Sometimes, when called, she came so joyously but, if too soon, *Margaret* would force her out and she would cry, "O papa! I was kicked out again." As time went on, Real Doris began to use her will against the others' intrusion. At length the obsessions grew less in duration. Marked improvement showed in January, 1912, still more in January, 1914. Beginning in April, 1914, she was her own self uninterruptedly for eight days. April 19th of the same year the obsession ceased forever.

[In the many cases of obsession that have come under my observation there has been no improvement until the patient himself began to *build* in resistance and use his own will. Much assistance can be given to him if the nature of the fissures and the character of the obsessing entity are understood. Suggestionism is also of great value to this end. When the fissures are deepened by long obsession it

is almost impossible to eject the intruding entity; and, if such a fissure is in the mental vehicle long enough, the person obsessed is to all intents and purposes insane. When viewed clairvoyantly it looks as if a small crater had formed upon a certain part of the fissured mental body, and it constantly erupts the peculiar "lava" of the obsessing entity's ideas.]

Perhaps the most pathetic part of Dr. Prince's record is that which relates to the recession and death of each personality. It is far too lengthy to relate here. A few points only can be mentioned.

It appears that each personality as it manifested substracted some of the sensitivity of Real Doris's senses; but in their recession and death, the former normal state of Real Doris's senses returned. In the death of Sick Doris in 1911, there is truly dramatic pathos. She became less sensitive, and receded into childhood. When she recognized that her death-knell had sounded, she took her last walk, wrote Margaret a farewell letter with some advice, disposed of her belongings, and finally "flashed out."

The end of Sleeping Real Doris occurred in April, 1912.

Margaret, who had been a factor for nineteen years, was much slower in her recession. She also became much less sensitive, and gradually lost her memory while becoming more juvenile. Her vision narrowed to a "hollow cone," and finally ceased. In turn, she ceased to walk abroad, to read, or to sing, and would fall asleep from exhaustion when she attempted to do so. Real Doris in the meantime grew stronger and stronger. In the evening of April 19, 1914, Margaret went permanently to sleep with a happy laugh.

At times, even at present, there is no question that Sleeping Margaret is still present in flashes, but only when Real Doris is sleeping. She never interrupts the personality of the latter in her waking state.

Thus the story of the resurrection of Real Doris, who is now twenty-seven years of age, is complete. We have the scientific account of one of the most complex and profoundly interesting cases of psychic phenomena on record. It shows what strides psychopathology has made, and how things superphysical are being recognized and studied by scientists.



Astrotherapy

John Hazelrigg

In the estimation of a very great many, astrology is concerned chiefly with selfish abettals, blind credulities, chicken culture, lucky hours, astral hair-tonic, and the like assortment of equations and wonder-marvels. In this visionary view human fragility is of itself severely arraigned on account of the charlatanry that all too frequently dishonors the true doctrine of the stars, for a questionable service must inevitably attend the imprudent demands of *desiderata curiosa*.

And yet, misguided opinion such as this is scarcely censurable, considering that until very recent years the supine interest in the subject, coupled with narrow bigotry in high places, left the fact undisclosed that the very inner arcana of man's whole being were wrapped up in its ordinances, and that in these same ordinances reposed the key to the planal sequences that relate him to every department of the universal consciousness, the key that unlocks those wondrous mysteries of correspondence whereby is revealed the kinship that obtains throughout the various avenues of manifestation. Nor does it seem that this doctrine of correspondence, as elucidated in astrology, ought to be considered at all incongruous with natural philosophy.

It was through centuries of observation, inductive reasoning, and the clear sentience of the Mystics, that the fundamental values between the component parts of the universe were finally discerned and duly correlated. This was the work of seers to whom the kindergarten blocks in

the stellar scheme meant something more than merely objects on which to train a telescope. The physical scientist who can perceive naught in truth beyond its externalization into opaque form, is not temperamentally adapted to this kind of research. To him Venus has no significance outside her physical constitution or her velocity through space: to the metaphysico-astral student she moves majestically through the boundless ether as the embodiment of a *principle* which inheres in every constituent part of Nature's spiritual structure.

And Nature disporteth not with a multitude of methods in the fulfillment of her decrees. A principle is a principle, whether it repose in the centre of an atom, the heart of man, or the solar point of a sidereal system. The principle of Venus is identical wherever found, be it expressed as love in the human emotions, the goldenrod of the field, or as copper in the metallic kingdom; as yellow in the color scheme, or as the impelling energy of the reins in the physiological mechanism. And no note is sounded in Nature's register that does not receive responsive vibrations from kindred notes, though anon a discord is aroused in one intrinsically opposite in attunement. This latter is *the initial step in the condition termed "disease."*

Veritas in puteo was a saying of the ancient sages: "Truth lieth at the bottom of the well." This was but a clever way of asserting that the principle of a thing was inherent with the centre, and could not be cognized by superficial scrutiny. No examination of an *effect*, how minute soever, will profit the student who cannot perceive therein the congenital reflex of an essential *cause*. Nor until he apprehend the *principle* of that cause will he be able to deal intelligently with the effect.

The empiricism of the modern medicaster is but the natural outgrowth of a persistent refusal to examine into the law which governs the spiritual activities of the physiological system, or to recognize in the doctrine of correspondence the self-evident fact of an identity between sidereal man and the celestial fabric which revolves about him. Until there is a formal concession made to the stellar hypothesis, the wave of doubt and the current of uncertainty must continue to disturb the surface waters of the well of science, whilst truth remains unperceived in the crystal sands at the bottom.

This line of reasoning, when applied to the methods of the two schools of medicine, must demonstrate the necessity of each in its proper place, for this fact of duality in all natural processes is as patent here as elsewhere. But as spiritual physics teaches us that there can be no duality without a trinity, and dynamics proves that all motion which comprehends a north and south pole, as in spherical bodies, must take account of an equinoctial line, so in all logic there is to be found a true and essential line of equilibration between any two diametrically opposite theories; while either of which if emphasized alone would mean the detriment of each.

I maintain that this balancing power, this third element that constitutes the triad in all philosophy and in all science, and in medicine particularly, is comprehended in the astrological principia, the art which harmonizes the two, and through cognizance of which only may order come out of chaos.

Thus, while one school espouses the law of sympathy, the other advocates the theory of dissimilars. Both are right, and yet both are wrong, paradoxical as the statement may appear, for there is but half truth in each. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and as stated by Culpepper, "Sympathy and antipathy are two hinges upon which the whole model of physics turns; and that physician who minds them not is like a door from off the hooks, more like to do a man mischief than to cure him."

But properly to appreciate this double doctrine, a knowledge of astral law is a desideratum. For instance, if a patient be suffering from a Mars or febrile disorder, and that planet is afflicting from a sign in which he holds dignity, *i. e.*, of a nature allied to his activities, then a martial remedy would be the true corrective, for in this case harmony could eventuate only through *sympathy*. But should Mars as the prime mover be in a sign through which he can exert no healthy attraction, then the medicines of Venus—who is his polar opposite—would need be resorted to, and restoration would result through *antipathy*.

Thus, practicing medicos often find themselves perplexed to know why a certain line of treatment avails in one instance, and meets with failure in another—is operative for good at one time, and either harmful or barren of results

at another. That such are pathological facts in practical medicine cannot be denied, and yet with the mystic key at hand, where it has lain for centuries rusty from disuse, it remains for some one, free of scientific disdain and self-sufficiency, to utilize it for its ordained purposes.

There is no lack of evidence to support the relativity of intracosmic activities with sublunar affections. Not so long ago a physician wrote in the London press: "I am certain that new moons, and the last remnant of dying moons, have distinct influences. This has often been evidenced to me in my midwifery practice. Why are labor pains strong during a new moon and feeble at the end of a lunation? Why are diseases of an acute or inflammatory character in the first quarter, and more lingering and chronic in the last? Why do medicines act better when the moon is at the full, particularly a solar remedy for a solar disease, *e. g.*, gold in heart disease?"

Here is a man whose observation discloses to him a significant fact that is repeatedly brought to his notice; but were he to propound his theory to a board of non-cogitating medicos to whom the celestial luminaries are unknown as homogeneous principles in the sense of vital heat and radial moisture, what, think you, *could* be their reply? So strong is unreasoning prejudice, that it is doubtful whether a multitude of facts such as the foregoing, multiplied *ad infinitum*, would induce principles of organic nature. And yet in the last point cited by the London practitioner, that of the magnetic action of medicine at full moon, we have but the simple instance of the vital heat (sun) and the radial moisture (moon) in celestial Nature arriving at a neutral point of expression whereat cognate influences are more operative in such structures as are related thereto, of which the heart and brain are specific examples, because governed respectively by the sun and moon. From which simple illustration of planetary efficiency one may easily go further, and assume that from out the congeries of celestial forces, "the sun and moon, and the concurrence of all the other stars," there must emanate manifold causes which produce diverse effects in the organic world, according to the commixion of the influences involved.

Magic of the Javanese

M. Sreteos

Every person who spends a few years in India becomes more or less interested in or attracted to the natives, who especially impel his attention because their character and beliefs are so different from those of the West. During my long years' residence in Java (Netherlands East India), I had the opportunity of witnessing the life of the natives there, and of studying their quaint beliefs.

They are a gentle-minded, sympathetic people with mysterious and superstitious natures. They scarcely allow any stranger or outsider to get a glimpse of their souls in either their public or private life. One has to be perfectly acquainted with their language and their customs in order to get on a confidential footing with them. Even then, it is rather difficult to get a true idea of their real being.

They believe in all kinds of magic; also in a world of spirits and demons. Yet, how far their knowledge and ideas extend concerning the power and consequences of magic, it is difficult to say. All that I have noticed about their rites in this regard seems rather childlike and mostly limited to black magic; some at least of the following events and practices may be classed under this head.

One of the most striking of these was in connection with a Dutch family, consisting of a Government official of high position, his wife, and several children. During three months members of this family, especially two of the children, about nine and ten years old, were haunted by the mysterious throwing of stones, by the removing and breaking of several objects of art and pieces of furniture, and by being spat upon,—all from invisible sources. The two children seemed to be psychic; they could see and foretell the future and describe events that were about to happen.

One evening, while the parents were holding a reception, stones were thrown from the outside into the front hall, without hurting any one of the large company present. This happened more than once and it was also noticed that the identical stones were thrown again and again. Some of the visitors, thinking it might have to do with some trickery

or knavery, proposed to mark the stones in question and to put them in a certain garden, visible to everyone, in order to watch further proceedings. In almost no time, without the aid of any visible agent, the marked stones actually disappeared from where they were placed and were again thrown among the company on the verandah.

Another evening, in view of a circle of friends, the children had their faces smeared with *sirih*, and on another occasion with wet powder, both times by invisible agencies. (*Sirih* is the Javanese word for *betel*, the leaves of which give a refreshing taste and flavor in the mouth. The natives like to chew these leaves rolled up with other ingredients, which mixture produces a red juice which stains the mouth and lips.) The bystanders could not interpret this inexplicable proceeding until the red stains and the white powder had dried up; then there appeared streaks of finger marks, which the ghostly visitors had rubbed on the children's faces.

A doctor and his friend who were of the company at the reception were puzzled by this phenomenon and offered to take the children away with them to their home without any further delay or preparation. They wished to watch them personally to see if they would still be haunted in other surroundings. They did so. The children were put to bed at the usual time and the doctor and his friend remained in their room to watch them. About twelve o'clock the children were rudely awakened by being soaked with water as if a large quantity had been thrown over them; yet neither the doctor nor his companion had seen anyone throw the water. As soon as the children had put on dry night-clothes, the same thing happened again, and was repeated until the period of time elapsed during which the haunting at night always took place.

Such phenomena happened not only at certain hours of the night but also in the daytime. For instance, while the family was at breakfast, the butter disappeared from the butterdish and was thrown into the children's faces. Another morning the tablecloth was pulled off and everything on the table fell to the floor; again without anyone, except the two children, seeing who did it. Then one of them saw a bell, thrown by an invisible hand, pass through the air and lodge in the curtain over a door. The same thing happened with a night-light, which moved through

the air from a table on the verandah to one in a bedroom.

One day the children cried out that a statue from a bracket on the wall was going to fall, and the bystanders soon saw the statue actually falling. The children on being questioned as to how they knew this was going to happen, said that they saw approaching the statue two Javanese whom in truth they had seen on each preceding occasion. One was dressed like a *hadji* (a man who has made a pilgrimage to Mohammed's grave and who is recognized by a special garment and wears a turban on his head like an Arab); the other was dressed only in a loin cloth, and shone as if his skin had been oiled; his long hair was thrown forward covering his face. (In Java it is the custom among thieves to oil their bodies before they go out to steal, in order to slip out of the grip of anyone trying to get them; their long hair is worn over the face in order to prevent their being recognized.)

These constant abnormal events began to affect the children's health and nerves so that the parents contemplated sending them out of the country. But shortly afterwards all phenomena ceased, and were never again repeated. They had continued for three months. So after all, the children remained in Java with their family, and thenceforth their lives were perfectly normal.

As a rule such psychic phenomena happen only to those who have in some way offended the natives, either justly or unjustly. Being psychically sensitive, these children were probably used as the instruments for venting the enmity of some persons who wished to torment the parents.

Perhaps it would be interesting to foreigners to learn of the magical practices sometimes employed by a young Javanese man in order to make the girl of his choice reciprocate his affection if he were unsuccessful in the ordinary ways. In such a case, the man will journey to a *Topoh* (a holy man who usually lives the life of a hermit) to ask his help. Then the *Topoh* will ask him to bring him something belonging to the girl,—a lock of hair or a piece of her clothing. When this has been brought, the *Topoh* pronounces certain incantations and prayers over it, which he writes on a piece of paper. To make this more effective he will pierce every word with a needle or a nail. The token of the girl is then wrapped in the paper and given to the

young man, who is advised to bury the little packet in a place over which the girl will constantly pass. At the same time the young man must concentrate all his will on his desire, and fast each day until after sunset. The natives believe absolutely that this magic gradually takes effect, although it may require several days. Perhaps it does, for as a matter of fact the girl is usually won. It may be that it is really because she only takes compassion on her lover as she watches him getting thin and pale from fasting!

If a native for certain reasons hates another and wants to take revenge, he will ask the *Topoh* to help him in the same magical way; but now the magic brings misfortune to the victim or even kills him. Sometimes the *Topoh* makes use also of a sacrificial feast for this vile purpose. The various necessary dishes must be prepared from fowls and cattle with only black feathers or skin, as it is a strong superstition of the natives that to eat black poultry brings ill-fortune. Its effect is increased by the number of guests at the feast, among whom priests are specially selected for their prayers and powers of concentration. Often the result will be that the victim of the magic will pine away and die.

I do not mean to state that the Javanese natives as a rule make use of these practices. Fortunately the majority of them are quiet and honest and do not indulge in such wickedness.

Another interesting fact about the Javanese is that very old trees, mostly banyan trees, are considered holy by them. They believe them to be the dwelling places of spirits or elementals. Therefore one is not allowed to cut down such a tree unless a sacrificial feast is first given under the direction of a priest in order to do homage to the spirits. Flowers are offered and incense burned to please the invisible inhabitants of the tree and to request them ceremonially to change their lodgings. Foreigners may laugh scornfully at such nonsense or superstitions, as they call them. Yet it has always been noticed that without exception those who have not taken heed of the practices of the natives, and who have dared to cut down an old tree considered holy, without the necessary polite preliminaries, have their indifference or self-conceit punished by a severe disease or sometimes even by forfeiting their lives; the wrath of the spirits is thus appeased.

The Javanese natives possess a remarkable faculty or instinct for knowing the correct time when a comet is to appear, or when an eclipse of the sun or moon is to be expected. From the appearance of a comet they are able to foretell the time of a volcanic eruption, or of a famine. I myself on two occasions have witnessed an eruption foretold by the natives in this manner.

They believe that all evil spirits and demons make use of the opportunity afforded to them by an eclipse to come out and do all manner of harm to mortals. But as the natives believe that bad spirits are afraid of noise, they forestall their deviltry by beating on gongs and tom-toms, by whipping the trees, and by screaming and shouting. If a stranger should happen to hear this din for the first time, he would think there was an uprising among the people, but instead he would be startled to learn from the natives that it was an uprising among the spirits! The noise is continued until the eclipse is quite over, when they return again to their ordinary occupations.

Religious and Scientific Healing

The principles of unselfishness, fearlessness, trust, and faith in God, laid down in Christ's teaching, help the human soul to resist disease, insanity, and abnormality.... The instances of cure in the New Testament were always effected first on the mental or psychical side, with the attending physical results. Christ was unique in His knowledge of the human soul and the application of spiritual laws to its recovery from abnormal tendencies and resultant diseases. There was one condition required on the part of the afflicted or those associated with or related to them, namely, faith. Where there was no faith there was no cure.... We favor the religious use of scientific methods of healing and the scientific use of religious methods. When our physicians and preachers are thus thoroughly equipped, it will not be long until all the great problems of disease and its cure will be solved and the world will be a paradise regained, as it is now a paradise lost.

—Charles F. Winbigler, Ph. M.

The Virtue of Compassion

“There lived a hunter in the city of Benares. He set forth in search of antelopes, taking a quiverful of poisoned arrows. He found a herd deep in the forest and sped an arrow toward them; but he missed his aim, and the poisoned shaft entered a great forest tree. Hurt by the deadly poison, the great tree withered and shed its leaves and fruits. But a certain saintly parrot had dwelt all its life in a hollow of its trunk, sheltered by the forest lord, and though the tree was now withered, he would not leave his nest, such was his love toward it. Silent and sorrowful, motionless and without food, the grateful virtuous parrot withered with the tree.

“Indra’s throne grew hot; looking down on earth, he marvelled at the devotion and extraordinary resolution of the noble bird, faithful alike in happiness and sorrow.

“‘How,’ he reflected, ‘can this bird possess such feelings, that are not found in lower creatures? Yet, maybe, it is not so strange, for every creature is kind and generous to others.’ Then, to test the matter further, Indra assumed the shape of a holy Brahman and approached the tree. ‘Good bird,’ he said, ‘why dost thou not desert this withered tree?’ The parrot bowed and answered: ‘Welcome to thee, king of the gods; by the merit of my discipline, I know thee.’ ‘Well done!’ exclaimed the thousand-eyed deity, marvelling at the bird’s wisdom. Then he inquired again: ‘Why dost thou cling to this leafless tree, unfit to shelter any bird? Do thou forsake it and choose another, for there are many fair trees in the forest round about.’

“Then the parrot sighed: ‘I am thy servant. Lo, the reason of this matter: Here in this very tree I came to life; here I learnt all of wisdom that I have; here was I protected from every enemy. Why dost thou seek to turn me from my path, for I am compassionate and grateful? Do not advise me to leave the tree; while it lived it was my protector; how can I forsake it now?’ Then Indra was well pleased, and bestowed a boon at will upon the virtuous bird. This boon the parrot sought: ‘Let the tree revive.’ Then Indra sprinkled it with the water-of-life, and it was filled with sap and put forth leaves.

“Thus was the tree restored by virtue of the parrot’s merit, and he, too, at the close of life, obtained a place in Indra’s heaven. Thus do men obtain what they will by friendship with the virtuous and holy, even as the tree by friendship with the parrot!”

—*Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists.*





Out of the Everywhere—

The Editor

A Visit to Patience Worth

There will be many of our readers who will be interested to know that the editor has had the pleasure of paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Curran of St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Curran is the enviable channel through whom the wonderful message of Patience Worth is being received, some of which has been published in *The Channel*. The meeting with them, thus coming into closer touch with that remarkable invisible personality, Patience Worth, has been one of the most delightful experiences of my whole life.

The Curran home, with a number of the clan Patience Worth, opened its charmed circle to Mr. Hotchner and me on the evening of August 25th. Among those gathered there was Mr. Casper Yost, Editor of the book *Patience Worth*, and of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. We felt it a true privilege to be received thus intimately.

Mr. Curran read us extracts from several of the remarkable books that are now being prepared for the press—books which speak the wisdom of Patience Worth. It was a literary feast of incomparable bounty and brilliance. We laughed o'er *The Merry Tale* until the tears rolled down. We listened spellbound to an oration from the mouth of a Jew from Palestine that surpasses the oratory of Demosthenes. The tears flowed once more as we passed hand in hand upon the "hotted" sands together with those who sought the Christ without the City of Nazareth. This journey was made possible by the inimitable imagery, the brilliant powers of description, and the dramatic, thrilling tale-telling of Patience Worth, as she related her unique drama of the life of Christ, called *The Sorry Tale*.

Over five hundred thousand words fill several books which are being made ready for the press. One poem, parable, or story may be in old English, another in Scotch

dialect of the time of the Stuarts, another in New England's quaint speech, and still another in dignified biblical phraseology. Often the words are so obsolete that they are found with difficulty. Yet, even after the most careful scrutiny by authoritative philologists for faults or anachronisms, the wording is found accurate, the form and style wonderful, the power unique.

Chapters for the several stories may be written the same evening, each in its own dialect and style, without confusion of words or of plot. The thread of a tale, dropped mayhap many days previously even in the midst of a conversation among its characters, will be picked up by Patience without prompting, hesitancy, or error. To witness this marvelous intellectual feat is to recognize its origin in a being infinitely beyond normal human attainments.

I am not given to sentimental ravings about anything or anyone; but I must say that I do not know of any *one* writer who has the ability, the versatility, the supernal art, of Patience Worth. I make no mental reservations when I say this, except perhaps for Shakespeare (who, I believe, was Sir Francis Bacon). Patience Worth surpasses even the latter in the *telling* of things spiritual, in her manner of expressing them. Sir Francis Bacon was a spiritual genius: Patience Worth is one also, of another type. She floods the heart with a spirituality that streams from out the very source of that rare quality, and in such overflowing measure, that one actually shrinks from the unbearable bliss-pain of its simple beauty, its reality.

I was invited (as have been other students of psychology) to investigate, to question, to report, concerning the mystery of Patience Worth. I talked with her across the ouija board, saw her face to face, and enjoyed her in sympathetic understanding. In the exquisite delight of our communion she said: "Ye see, loved, ye see! Thy damie hath set 'pon thy heartie and swung her feetin's.... Yea, thou knowest that he who doth follow upon the path o' Him, thy close, close, close, close love, Him who died for thee and me, knoweth the task be heavy. Ye and I but bear the crumbs of His love unto such an hungered world. Ye know, ye know."

When I gave her to understand that *The Channel* hoped to help give a few crumbs of truth to the world, she said:

“Lo, out stones hath thy hand sprung buds. Look ye! Look ye! Thou hast dreamed o’ a silvered streamie that flaed athrough cool banks whereon the wearied should rest them and drink.”

After this tender reference to the magazine, she said: “Ye should know ye, that, when thou lookest unto the upturned eyes that drink thee deep, thou lookest unto His very eyes....Look, life didst bear thee o’ aweaved crown that showed thee but thorns athin thy hand, and behold! this Wonder-God of thee and me did touch it and it fell precioused. Yea, gold, even jewels, and the jewels set one word: *Love*.”

Patience said much more, and she so opened her past that we knew, we recognized, her mission, and our hearts vowed fealty, vowed service, vowed love. She is not a “second personality” of Mrs. Curran’s. She is a separate, though invisible, being, and we know why she is cloaking herself under the name Patience Worth. She is to give the world a message which in spirituality has not been surpassed for centuries, and which in literary quality has seldom, if ever, been equalled. Her real identity will doubtless be revealed later.

Tennyson says: “Men rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to grander things.” Occultism teaches this fact as reincarnation. I believe that Patience Worth has risen through very, very many dead selves, to the level where life’s lessons have been fully learned, the level where one has won the right and privilege to be a Teacher of mankind.

The following is a “crumb” from her table:

*“Mine eyes are His;
Oh! leave me not that I do raise them
Unto aught save His own handiwork;
That they take not in,
E’en though they look ’pon smite,
Save that they leave their drops
To quench the blightin’.*

*These ears are His;
Oh! leave me not to hark
Save to His singin’;
Yea, e’en though the sea doth wash,
And roareth woes,
Shut, O Thou, mine ears,
Save to the echoed soft
His murmuring unto thee.*

*These feel ar' His;
Oh! leave me not to stray,
Save that I seek me deep
His bywayed path whereon
His thirsted stray.*

*This heart, 'tis His;
Oh! leave me not to ope it,
Save that it flow its drops
In loving for the wash o' Earth:
Yea, leave me not that Earth
Look 'pon its oping. Nay,
But at some morrow,
O Thou, my love, my all,
Leave Thou thy sunlight, thy very Self
To flow athin the oping,
Then shut it up—for aye.*

The parting from Patience Worth and her "Clan" was difficult, but we left with her benediction ringing in our ears:

"I set me wishin' that thy feet shall press out the dry earth dews of gentleness: that thy hands, spread in the doin's o' Him, be spread forth and their mercy flow like new wines unto the weary, weary earth: that each new sun may speak unto thy heart how He loveth thee. And this be for the twain o' ye."

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Another encouraging sign of these progressive times shows itself in the quantity of letters received asking about higher methods of education for children, and also how to correct their faults without whipping them.

The answer to the former is well described in the article on the New Race in the April *Channel*; and there will be much more about it in my forthcoming book, *Purifying the Personality*. But the latter question concerning punishment is one so close to my heart that I wish to write a few words about it here: they may help to check the cruel harm that is being done to children by whipping them.

The scientific experiments of psychopathology have shown the indisputable existence of the subtler vehicles in which we express our personality—our actions, our emotions, and our thoughts. Add to this demonstrated fact the hypothetical (and to millions of people the ac-

cepted) doctrine of reincarnation; then place your child before you, and study him from this viewpoint. It will teach you that the child's soul is an old one; that it has returned to earth, to your care, for another day in life's school (just as you returned to your parents), and that you are now a teacher in that school. Even so, your child's soul may be older than your own.

Now ponder this and get the fact well into your mind. You are not the creator of your child's soul and, generally speaking, you are not responsible for its faults when it is conceived. But from that moment on, you *are* to a great extent responsible for its vehicles and their development. Nothing (except death) can remove that responsibility from the father and the mother of a child, until it reaches the mature age of twenty-one.

Even though all three vehicles of the personality are unfolding continuously between the moment of conception and the age of twenty-one, there are years when each has its special development, when the three moulds for the child's future actions, emotions, and thoughts are forming. For the first seven years it is the child's physical form and health that need *special* attention; from seven to fourteen, the emotional form; from fourteen to twenty-one, the thought vehicle. The parents' influence upon these subtler moulds at these times is of vital importance.

When the auras of a family are seen clairvoyantly, they show themselves as constantly interpenetrating in the intimate association of proximity and in the sympathetic and mental associations also. This causes an interplay and exchange of the subtler particles of matter within each, and it usually happens unconsciously. It can also take place deliberately by the use of will power. The condition of the aura of any one member of a family may be a blessing or a curse.

With these prefatory remarks, let me describe what I once saw with the "extended vision," while visiting a few days with some friends. A boy of about seven years was not well, and consequently was fretful. He annoyed his mother in several minor ways; finally, quite by accident, he knocked a drinking-glass from the breakfast table. The mother seized him in rage and dragged him through an open door into the garden; tearing a branch from an ad-

jacent tree, she proceeded to give him a severe whipping. After a spell of pitiful crying, which was mingled with much resentment against the mother, the boy was finally ordered to school, and departed.

As I had some shopping to do in the village, I walked along part of the way with him; and, too, I wished to continue the clairvoyant investigations I was making. On our stopping to buy something, we were overtaken by some of his playmates. For a mere triviality on the part of one of them, my little friend flew at him and gave him such a beating that passersby had to separate them. Later I left my charge at the school entrance after he had promised to try to be good.

What was the result of my psychic examination?

Before breakfast the fretful complaining of the boy had annoyed both father and mother greatly and, each time this occurred, particles of subtle matter, very irritating and deleterious in character, passed into the child's aura; these were thus unconsciously imposed by the intensity and irritation of the parents, and found magnetic lodgment (like attracting like) because the child was negative and not well; so he too became much irritated. The mother's wrath reached a climax as the glass fell from the table and so she whipped him. In that act she finished the "dumping" of the angry "poison stuff" from her own aura into his.

This is not all: the boy was in a crisis of fear and pain from the lashing and, as each stroke fell, "fissures" occurred in his emotional vehicle; these were as clear and distinct as the welts on his physical body. It was into those fissures that the parents' poisoning vibrations principally lodged, *strengthening* the boy's own anger and irritation, to say nothing of the wrathful vibrations from unkind thoughts of reproof which accompanied the feelings and also lodged in him.

I also saw that the poisonous emotional stuff from the mother had so permeated his whole aura that when his little playmate later irritated him and he flamed into a rage he was totally unable to resist the impulses of anger in himself. So he flew at his friend and gave him a beating—in turn throwing some of the poison into him.

The revelation this inner glimpse gave me makes me

shudder even yet, and it occurred some years ago.

The scars or fissures in this lad's subtler vehicles will long remain in him as dangerous tendencies and will endure until he himself has wiped them out by practicing control over his emotions.

The soul of the child brings its own qualities into incarnation. If mothers and fathers understood this they could deliberately mould the new vehicles which they have given the child, to express only good. By exemplifying in themselves the opposite virtues to any of the evil *tendencies* in the child, they could build into him such strongholds of virtue that when the time comes for the past inherent evils to assert themselves, they will be so checked and surrounded by the newly-created virtuous vehicles, that the evil will find little room for expression.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A correspondent asks if occultists approve of vivisection, or of the inoculation of the human body with animal serum.

I cannot speak for all occultists but only for those with whom I have been closely associated. We consider that certain phases of vivisection offend the spiritual law of compassion; therefore we cannot approve of it.

We consider the injection of an animal serum into the human body as opposed to the divine law of evolutionary progress. It may perhaps momentarily give the flesh more brute strength, but it also introduces very objectionable vibrations into the body which lower the *morale* of the person.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I am asked by many correspondents what each one can do to help to counteract the disruptive forces of the war, and to bring peace. In answer let me say, that even though the policy of the President of our country is that we should take no active part in the war, we can aid in bettering conditions on the subtler planes.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but a concentrated thought of peace and love is mightier than all pens. Love is the fulfilling of the Law: war is its degradation; yet it is necessary sometimes in moulding great world changes. The separative, irritating, disruptive vibrations of the war are penetrating throughout the world, and are

even entering the aura and life of each individual. They test his spiritual poise. So one of the greatest opportunities to help the cause of peace is for each of us to live in his own walk of life as a center of peace, of love, and of other high principles. Let no thought, no desire, no act, of any of us add anything to the strife and dissension which must be swept away before the World Teacher can come. This is the way I am trying to help bring about a world peace.

Recently in St. Louis one of the papers attributed to me a statement that slurred Theosophy. It was wholly untrue and had been printed before I had arrived there or had even seen a reporter. Some enemies of *The Channel* sent copies of the paper broadcast without even having the spiritual courtesy to ask me if I had made the statement.

This gave me the opportunity to practice what I am preaching. Therefore, even though I know who sent this newspaper account to very many Theosophists throughout the country (many of them subscribers to *The Channel*), I have not reported them to those to whom they have given an occult vow that, in all circumstances, they would defend those unjustly accused.

If I were to make their names known, it would lose them the respect of many people. Instead, I forgive them fully and regard them as instruments to test my endeavor to live the principles of the spiritual life. And, too, what they have done will help to show me how many of my friends and readers are building their temple of philosophy either on the unstable sands of the merits or the demerits of personalities, or on the rock of a sincere desire to learn all forms of divine truth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the next few months the editor and the publisher of this magazine will be travelling in the far East—Japan, China, Ceylon, Burmah, India, and Egypt. They hope to secure a regular correspondent to *The Channel* for these places, and they will also contribute articles themselves.

The editor's secretary will be in charge of *The Channel* and its office in Hollywood, and all correspondence should be sent there as usual. To avoid delays, business letters should be addressed to The Channel Publishing Society: personal letters and manuscripts for the editor should be so marked, and will be forwarded.

Correspondence

Hypnotic Healing

Would you care to give room in your magazine to this letter and a short discussion of it? I am much interested in your articles on healing, and assure you that the following is not written in a combative spirit at all, but in friendly coöperation while seeking the truth.

I take the stand of one in doubt whether the practice of suggestive therapeutics or hypnotism, by a conscientious man, is other than a power for good in treating the infirmities of mankind. I realize this is not in keeping with the advice of some of our foremost seers and occultists, and it is principally because of my deep respect for them and for their spiritual development that I even admit any doubt regarding the beneficence of hypnotic healing. Bear with me while I endeavor to present, briefly, the case of hypnotism, as I see it, in part at least. I would appeal to both occultism and common sense in the matter, although I admit my comparative ignorance of the former.

Let us accept the fact that man is composed of various vehicles, three of which are the physical, the emotional, and the mental. Each body has its own life, as I understand it, which life is one "in esse" but of different age in manifestation and consequently endowed with a different purpose or will or desire. The consciousness and will of the microcosm, then, are logically the balance of the consciousnesses and wills of all the degrees of life in it. As man becomes able to govern the "younger" desires of the will (*atma*) in himself, so does he become master of his bodies.

We all agree that the main thing in man is the evolution of his spiritual life; and that since his vehicles are the temples or instruments of the indwelling life, they should be kept in the best of health for that purpose.

Medical science does its best for man and no fault is found. There are, however, certain habits, ailments, and conditions where ordinary medicine fails. Surgery, working with the gross physical alone, is generally the more successful. When *materia medica* treats ailments which have their cause in the subtler vehicles (which science does not admit as existing), very frequently no help can be given, and it fails unless through some accidental working with the law. This makes no difference to most of us and we cheerfully accept the help.

Hypnotism is able to effect many cures, as you have cited, when *materia medica* has failed. What good reason is there then for not accepting its offices? Can it be shown to affect the life principle unfavorably? Rather, is it not the vehicles that are affected? Again, how demonstrate that anything can affect the unchangeable *atma*, especially when it is the mission of the hypnotic treatments to harmonize the personality so that the ego can work through it to better advantage? If by the aid of hypnotism a "bad habit" of the personality can be made to disappear, is that not the exact thing the ego wishes and is striving to do? Where is the virtue in a love that con-

demns a man to unnecessary pain and suffering? Should we ever cease trying to relieve our brothers' pain unless it can be shown that the treatment "does more harm than good," as the saying has it?

Interference with karma may be argued, but not consistently, to my mind. If we always wish to respect karma, where should we draw the line? Should we encourage medical science at all or do aught to improve our conditions? I think we all believe that we should make every effort possible to overcome adverse conditions. It hardly seems credible that we are not to use every unselfish means in our power to help each other. It would seem, indeed, that to remain inactive in relieving pain would be to become active in cruelty.

The terrible bugaboo of "black magic" also has been suggested as an argument against hypnotism. Let us see: to be "black" it must be *selfish*, and it is the *unselfish* use of hypnotism to which I refer. Or it must be shown to be injurious to the subject, and of course that is one of the main points we are arguing about. On the other hand, I question whether it is "magic" at all. If all ordinary, normal mortals can use it, then I fail to see how it is "magic." In a following paragraph I will take up just what hypnosis appears to be, when it will become evident that even any fourteen-year-old boy or girl can be taught its use. On the other hand, it seems doubtful to me whether the operator does anything that requires a particular amount of will power, and it seems as though practically all the "power" lies in the subject himself. I should be very much interested in knowing if a phonographic record could not be made to produce hypnosis, thus demonstrating it to be almost a purely mechanical act on the part of the operator. I believe this could be done. The subject's will power and concentration would seem the real motive or power in causing his sleep. It seems certain that he cannot be hypnotized if he *wills not to be*. On the other hand, is there any walk of life where "the power of suggestion" is not used? The doctor, the lawyer, social worker, lecturer, preacher, merchant, agent, and in fact every worker who uses his mind at all, from the lowest to the highest, uses suggestion or a lesser degree of hypnotism all the time. So why should we hesitate to use it when it is a matter of relieving suffering? Is it unfair to use that which everybody knows and uses every day in a degree; and is it fair then to call it black magic because we cannot say exactly and surely how it works?

Can we say positively that hypnosis can ever be produced by the will power of an operator at a great distance from and without the knowledge of the subject? Is there any more "mental magic" and will used in hypnotism than a good surgeon or any other man uses in his work, who is not entirely a machine?

Of course we know that hypnosis is only a natural sleep artificially produced. During its continuation the operator takes the place of the reasoning and will power of the personality and commands the lower desires inherent in the lives inhabiting the man's body. He thereby commands some one "egotistical" life (if we may so term it) in that body to give up its efforts to accentuate its own will over that of the rest of the body. In this way harmony may be restored and the ego given a more perfect and amenable instrument with which to work.

There are many other points favoring the common use of hypnotism in medicine and surgery which brevity forbids the discussion of in this paper. To name a few, I might mention the evil after-effects of anaesthetics, e. g., vomiting which causes internal hemorrhage, shock, kidney and heart and lung weaknesses, etc. You yourself doubtless know dozens of cases where hypnotism works more quickly and effectively than medicine or so called "adjustments"; so there is no need to elaborate. The question, however, as to our moral right thus to take command of another man's body temporarily seems to me to be debatable in view of the fact that in surgery no one stops to consider that there is any immorality connected with giving a drug whose power will drive the tenant from the human body. And yet I am open to conviction. I am really desirous above everything else to dig out the truth and help to spread it. —M. H. Dukes.

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Question

As I am a reader of your valuable magazine, will you pardon me for taking up some of your time with a question?

When a little girl I used to say (and to see) the name *Anna* in white; *Emma*, yellow; *Marie*, red; *Louisa*, black. This means that the spoken name always brought forth to me the above mentioned color. I had, or have, one sister named *Sophia*, but curiously enough *Sophia* never suggested any color to me. *Anna* is my own name, but this had nothing to do with it, for to me all *Anna's* were white. I should like to know if I am right in seeing the colors. Subscriber.

Answer

The name *Anna* vibrates three; *Charity* three; *Peace* three; *Blessed* three; *Angel* three; *Day* three; *Resurrection* three. It is a wonderful name in that it begins and ends with "A," which is a torch of light. The two a's are equivalent to eleven, and *white* equals eleven. *Light* equals eleven. You see *Anna* in white or light. *Peace* is white, as are the other three vibrations—one with *Anna*.

Emma you see as yellow. Again, the inner vibration for *Emma* is five, and five vibrates pink. The word *glory* equals five; *power* equals five; *trumpet* equals five; *sceptre* equals five; *trident* equals five; the *golden apple* equals five.

The inner or esoteric vibration of *Emma* is six; and this is a bright orange yellow, again proving that you see what the name stands for—its reality—together with its soul-color; *glory*, *power*, *trumpet*, *scepter*, *trident*, etc., suggest the yellow or power thought. Yet in actual sound they produce pink. Esoterically, each of these words has a different inner vibration according to the vibration of its vowels, and you see this and sense the number of its outer form.

Marie you see red: the same holds true here. *Marie* outwardly vibrates one, *unity*. Its color is a flame containing all colors. The inner vibration of *Marie* is rose crimson.

The last name, *Louisa*, you see as black, which is *no color*; and it is evident the name produces no effect upon you—no sympathetic vibrations. It is the same with *Sophia*, your sister's name.—L. W.

Reviews

Psychology of the Unconscious*

Carl Jung, M. D.

My interest in this new book was particularly aroused by reading the words of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, and those of James Oppenheim, the author of *Songs For the New Age*.

The former said of it:

The Freudians had before published many brief memoirs in the domain of mythology, biography and literature, but in this work Jung outdoes them all by plunging into the very depths of the seething and treacherous sea of mythology and even philology, to find confirmation of his thesis.

This work cannot fail to prove the most stimulating to everyone interested in this field, whether psychologist of the normal or of the abnormal, while those interested in myth and literature ought to feel quickened by it.

The translation has been admirably done. I had begun to read the original, but had feared that it would be almost untranslatable. What was my surprise and delight, therefore, to be favored with a copy of Dr. Hinkle's version, which, so far as I have compared the two, seems to me so good that it gives the English an advantage over the German reader.

Mr. Oppenheim says:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

It is this sense of discovery that greets the new reader of this book. Not a new planet; rather a new constellation. In my own case, I can only compare it with my discovery of Shakespeare when I was adolescent. And just as in the case of Shakespeare, the reading of this book, compelled a re-reading: so that by now I believe I have traversed the volume five times.

Bernard Shaw has said that a new Bible is being written for the race, and that its separate chapters are the work of such men as Ibsen, Tolstoi, Goethe, Nietzsche and Darwin. This book by Jung seems to me one of the profoundest chapters in that Bible: for it is not only remarkable for its revelation of scientific discovery, but also for its expression. I believe it will take its place as a piece of permanent literature: one of the books that make life. It is, to me, that blend long sought for, the really modern ideal of the artist: namely, the fusion of Science and Art—of truth presented in a quickening manner.

*Moffat, Yard & Co., New York

Throughout the pages of Dr. Jung's book, occult students will rejoice to see that many of the sacred teachings of the Orient as to the spiritual constitution of man are accepted as an integral part of the new psychology. The old facts have been but newly garbed in rather ponderous scientific phraseology, but Truth, while so versatile and ubiquitous as to appear to advantage in garments of many shapes and hues, has so virile and penetrating a personality that to her devotees she is easily recognizable.

The preface of the book is written by Dr. Beatrice Hinkle of the Neurological Department of Cornell University Medical School, personally associated for some years with the clinical work of Dr. Jung at Zurich.

This *Introduction* is one of the most able elucidations of psychoanalysis which it has been my pleasure to read. There has been considerable rivalry between the schools of Sigmund Freud of Vienna and Carl Jung of Zurich. In Dr. Hinkle's *Introduction*, she has clarified their differences. Let her study and intimate association of his work speak the book's merits.

When Professor Freud of Vienna made his early discoveries in the realm of the neuroses, and announced that the basis and origin of the various symptoms grouped under the terms hysteria and neuroses lay in unfulfilled desires and wishes, unexpressed and unknown to the patient for the most part, and concerned chiefly with the sexual instinct, it was not realized what far-reaching influence this unpopular and bitterly attacked theory would exert on the understanding of human life in general.

For this theory has so widened in its scope that its application has now extended beyond a particular group of pathologic states. It has in fact led to a new evaluation of the whole conduct of human life; a new comprehension has developed which explains those things which formerly were unexplained, and there is offered an understanding not only of the symptoms of a neurosis, and the phenomena of conduct but the product of the mind as expressed in myths and religions.

It is very easy to understand that criticism and opposition should develop against a psychology so difficult of comprehension, and so disturbing to the ideas which have been held by humanity for ages; a psychology which furthermore requires a special technique as well as an observer trained to recognize and appreciate in psychologic phenomena a verification of the statement that there is no such thing as chance, and that every act and every expression has its own meaning, determined by the inner feelings and wishes of the individual.

It is not a simple matter to come out boldly and state that every individual is to a large extent the determiner of his own destiny, for

only by poets and philosophers has this idea been put forth—not by science; and it is a brave act to make this statement with full consciousness of all its meaning, and to stand ready to prove it by scientific reasoning and procedure.... Psychoanalysis is the name given to the method developed for reaching down into the hidden depths of the individual to bring to light the underlying motives and determinants of his symptoms and attitudes, and to reveal the unconscious tendencies which lie behind actions and reactions and which influence development and determine the relations of life itself....

Although originally studied only as a therapeutic method for the sick it was soon realized through an analysis of normal people how slight were the differences in the content of the unconscious of the sick and of the normal. The differences observed were seen to be rather in the reactions to life and to the conflicts produced by contending forces in the individual....

As Dr. Jung says, he who remains healthy has to struggle with the same complexes that causes the neurotic to fall ill....Such deep searching and penetrating into the soul is not something to be undertaken lightly nor to be considered a trivial or simple matter, and the fact is that where a strong compulsion is lacking, such as sickness or a situation too difficult to meet, much courage is required to undertake it.... The astonishing part about it was that with the revival of these memories and their accompanying painful and disturbing emotions, the symptoms disappeared. This led naturally to the conclusion that these symptoms were dependent upon some emotional disturbance or psychic trauma which had been inadequately expressed, and that in order to cure the patient one merely had to establish the connection between the memory and the emotions which properly belonged to it, letting the emotion work itself out through a reproduction of the forgotten scene....This realm where these unknown but disturbing emotions were hidden was called the "Unconscious"—the "Unconscious" also being a name used arbitrarily to indicate all that material of which the person is not aware at the given time—the not-conscious....However, further investigations carried into the lives of normal people disclosed quite as many psychic and sexual traumas in their early childhood as in the lives of the patients; therefore, the conception of the "infantile sexual trauma" as the etiological factor was abandoned in favor of "the infantilism of sexuality" itself....

Perhaps one of the greatest sources of misunderstanding and difficulty in which the whole subject lies is in the term *sexuality*, for Freud's conception of this is *entirely different* from that of the *popular sense*. He conceives sexuality to be practically synonymous with the word *love* and to include under this term all those tender feelings and emotions which have had their origin in a primitive erotic source, even if now their primary aim is entirely lost and another substituted for it. It must also be borne in mind that Freud strictly emphasizes the psychic side of sexuality and its importance, as well as the somatic expression.

Therefore, to understand Freud's theories, his very broad conception of the term sexual must never be forgotten....This material

afforded a rich field for the searchers into the soul, for through the operation of the law of association of ideas these phantastic products, traced back to their origin, revealed the fact that instead of being meaningless or foolish, they were produced by a *definite process*, and arose from distinct wishes and desires which unconsciously veiled themselves in these mysterious forms and pictures.

It is conceded that the most completely unconscious product of an individual is his dream, and therefore Professor Freud turned his attention from phantasies and day dreams to the investigation of the nightly dreams of his patients to discover whether they would throw light upon this painful feeling and ideas repressed out of consciousness, and therefore inaccessible to direct revelation....

Freud's emphasis upon the role of the sexual instinct in the production of the neurosis and also in its determining power upon the personality of the normal individual does not imply that he does not also recognize other determinants at the root of human conduct, as for instance, the instinct for preservation of life and the ego principle itself. But these motives are not so violently *forbidden and repressed* as the sexual impulse, and therefore, because of that repressive force and the strength of the impulse he considers this primary in its influence upon the human being.

The importance of this instinct upon human life is clearly revealed by the great place given to it under the name of love in art, literature, poetry, romance and all beauty from the beginning of recorded time. Viewed in this light it cannot seem extraordinary that a difficulty or disturbance in this emotional field should produce such far-reaching consequences for the individual. The sexual impulse is often compared with that of hunger, and this craving and need lying in all humanity is called by Freud *libido*.... These were the conclusions reached and the ground on which Freudian psychology rested, regarding the etiology of the neurosis, and the tendencies underlying normal human mechanisms, when Dr. Carl Jung, the most prominent of Freud's disciples, and the leader of the Zurich school, found himself no longer able to agree with Freud's findings in certain particulars, although the phenomena which Freud observed and the technique of psychoanalysis developed by Freud were the material on which Jung worked and the value of which he clearly emphasizes. The differences which have developed lay in his understanding and interpretation of the phenomena observed.

Beginning with the conception of *libido* itself as a term used to connote sexual hunger and craving, albeit the meaning of the word sexual was extended by Freud to embrace a much wider significance than common usage has assigned it, Jung was unable to confide himself to this limitation. He conceived this longing, this urge or push in life, as something extending *beyond sexuality* even in its wider sense. He saw in the term *libido* a concept of unknown nature, comparable to Bergson's *élan vital*, a hypothetical energy of life, which occupies itself not only in sexuality but in various physiological and psychological manifestations such as growth, development, hunger, and all the human activities and interests. This cosmic energy or urge mani-

fested in the human being he calls libido and compares it with the energy in physics. Although recognizing, in common with Freud as well as with many others, *the primal instinct of reproduction* as the basis of many functions and present-day activities of mankind *no longer sexual in character*, he repudiates the idea of still calling them *sexual*, even though their development was a growth originally out of the *sexual*. Sexuality and its various manifestations Jung sees as most important channels occupied by libido, but not the exclusive ones through which libido flows.

This is an energetic concept of life; and from this viewpoint this hypothetical energy of life or libido is a living power used instinctively by man in all the automatic processes of his functioning; such very processes being but different manifestations of this energy. By virtue of its quality of mobility and change, man, through his understanding and intelligence, has the power consciously to direct and use his libido in definite and desired ways....

In developing the energetic conception of libido and separating it from Freud's *sexual definition*, Jung makes possible the explanation of interest in general, and provides a working concept by which not only the specifically sexual, but the general activities and reactions of man can be understood.

If a person complains of no longer having interest in his work or of losing interest in his surroundings, then one understands that his libido is withdrawn from this object, and that in consequence the object itself seems no longer attractive, whereas, as a matter of fact, the object itself is exactly the same as formerly. In other words, it is the libido that we bestow upon an object that makes it attractive and interesting....This leads directly into the second point of difference between Jung's views and those of Freud. This is concerned with those practically universal childish manifestations of sexuality called by Freud "polymorphous perverse" because of their similarity to those abnormalities of sexuality which occur in adults and are called perversions.

Jung takes exception to this viewpoint. He sees in the various manifestations of childhood the precursors or forerunners of the later fully developed sexuality, and instead of considering them perverse he considers them preliminary expressions of sexual coloring. He divides human life into three stages. The *first stage* up to about the third and fourth year, generally speaking, he calls the presexual stage, for there he sees the libido or life energy occupied chiefly in the functions of nutrition and growth, and he draws an analogy between this period and that of the caterpillar stage of the butterfly.

The *second stage* includes the years from this time until puberty, and this he speaks of as the prepubertal stage.

The *third period* is that from puberty onward and can be considered the time of maturity....Jung definitely recognizes that there are many neurotic persons who clearly exhibited in their childhood the same neurotic tendencies that are later exaggerated. Also that an almost overwhelming effect on the destiny of these children is exercised by the influence of the parents, the frequent overanxiety or tender-

ness, the lack of sympathy or understanding, in other words, the complexes of the parent reacting upon the child and producing in him love, admiration, fear, distrust, hate, revolt. The greater the sensitiveness and impressionability of the child, the more he will be stamped with the familiar environment, and the more he will unconsciously seek to find again in the world of reality the model of his own small world with all the pleasures and satisfactions, or disappointments and unhappiness with which it was filled....It frequently happens that the young person is so closely bound in the family relations that it is only with the greatest difficulty that he can attain any measure of freedom and then only very imperfectly, so that the libido sexualis can only express itself in certain feelings and phantasies which clearly reveal the existence of the complex until then entirely hidden and unrealized. Now commences the secondary struggle against the unfilial and immoral feelings with a consequent development of intense resistances expressing themselves in irritation, anger, revolt and antagonism against the parents, or else in an especially tender, submissive and yielding attitude which over-compensates for the rebellion and reaction held within....We now come to the most important of Jung's conceptions in that it bears practically upon the treatment of certain types of the neuroses and stands theoretically in direct opposition to Freud's hypothesis. While recognizing fully the influence of the parents and of the sexual constitution of the child, Jung refuses to see in this infantile past the real cause for the later development of the illness. He definitely places the cause of the pathogenic conflict in the present moment and considers that in seeking for the cause in the distant past one is only following the desire of the patient, which is to withdraw himself as much as possible from the present important period.

The conflict is produced by some important task or duty which is essential biologically and practically for the fulfillment of the ego of the individual, but before which an obstacle arises from which he shrinks, and this halted cannot go on. With this interference in the path of progression libido is stored up and a regression takes place whereby there occurs a reanimation of past ways of libido occupation which were entirely normal to the child, but which for the adult are no longer of value. These regressive infantile desires and phantasies now alive and striving for satisfaction are converted into symptoms, and in these surrogate forms obtain a certain gratification, thus creating the external manifestations of the neurosis. Therefore Jung does not ask from what psychic experience or point of fixation in childhood the patient is suffering, but what is the present duty or task he is *avoiding*, or what obstacle in his life's path he is unable to *overcome*. What is the cause of his *regression* to past psychic experiences?

Following this theory Jung expresses the view that the elaborate phantasies and dreams produced by these patients are really forms of compensation or artificial substitutes for the unfulfilled adaption to reality....

With this statement Jung throws a new light on the work of analytic psychology and on the conception of the neurotic symptoms,

and renders possible of understanding the many apparent incongruities and conflicting observations which have been so disturbing to the critics....It is exceedingly important for parents and teachers.

It is this great theme which Jung sees as the real motive lying hidden in the myths and religions of man from the beginning, as well as in the literature and artistic creations of both ancient and modern times, and which he works out with the greatest wealth of detail and painstaking effort in the book herewith presented....Through the investigation of these different avenues leading into the hidden depths of the human being and through the revelation of the motives and influences at work there, although astonishing to the uninitiated, a very clear and definite conception of the actual human relationship—brotherhood—of all mankind is obtained. It is this recognition of these common factors basically inherent in humanity from the beginning and still active, which is at once both the most hopeful and the most feared and disliked part of psychoanalysis.... —H. H.

Subconscious Phenomena*

Hugo Münsterberg, Theodore Ribot, Joseph Jastrow, Pierre Janet, Bernard Hart, Morton Prince.

This symposium, though published some years ago, is still of great value to all earnest students of human psychology. The introduction admits that "There is at present no consensus of opinion, either among psychologists who deal with the normal, or among the medical psychologists who deal with the abnormal, as to the class of phenomena to which the term 'subconscious' shall be applied, or, as to the interpretation of these phenomena." Readers will therefore be prepared for the wide divergence of opinion expressed by the eminent contributors, and also grateful to Dr. Prince for his attempt to reconcile them.

Psychotherapeutics†

Morton Prince, F. H. Gerrish, J. J. Putnam, E. W. Taylor, Boris Sidis, G. A. Waterman, J. E. Donley, Ernest Jones, T. A. Williams.

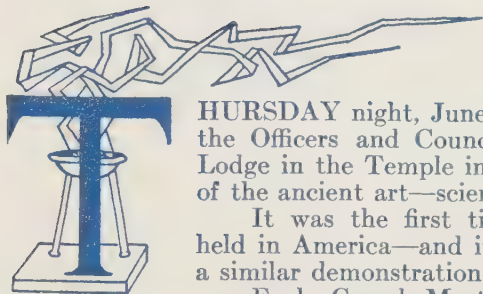
This is another compilation which was published several years ago and which is to be esteemed because it is an important foundation upon which to add more recent knowledge. Psychotherapy, suggestionism, hypnotism, reëducation, hypnoidization, adolescence,—in fact, the whole realm of the psychical in its relation to the physical,—have gained new and enlarged meaning and application since Freud, Jung, and Sidis published their recent books. It does not seem exaggeration to say that these books are epoch-making, and that they compel a revision of all previous theories. To appreciate them fully it is necessary to read the earlier books; then one can understand how those previous conceptions made possible so ready an *acceptance* of these later revelations. —H. R.

*Richard G. Badger, Boston.

†*Ibid.*

Psychic Events

A Demonstration of Alchemy



THURSDAY night, June 22, 1916, there was given to the Officers and Councilors of the Supreme Grand Lodge in the Temple in New York, a demonstration of the ancient art—science—of transmutation.

It was the first time such a convocation was held in America—and it may be several years before a similar demonstration will be given again.

Each Grand Master General is permitted to give, during his lifetime and term of office, one demonstration of the ancient process whereby the transmutation of metal is accomplished.

Believing that the time was ripe for such a demonstration before the members who have been studying the laws which underlie all transmutation, our Imperator and Grand Master General made preparations for this most interesting manifestation of those fundamental laws so thoroughly covered by the lectures of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Degrees of our Order.

The preparations consisted in writing upon fifteen cards the six or seven ingredients used in the process and the eight or nine accessories, including a small pair of tweezers, a small china dish, piece of gauze, pail of filtered water, etc. Also was written on one card "a piece of ordinary zinc, size about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide, 1-inch long and 1-32 of an inch thick," while on another card was written "small amount of pure nitric acid for testing the zinc."

These cards were drawn at random by the members of the Fourth Degree on the previous Thursday night. By this means fifteen of the members of the Council actually possessed, collectively, the complete formula for the process, though individually each found that, except for the zinc and nitric acid, the article called for on the card was easily obtainable in the home or on the street with no, or little, expense. In fact, each testified that the ingredients used, outside of the zinc and nitric acid, could be safely taken into the mouth and swallowed—and that some were even used in cooking in the home.

Each member was pledged to secrecy,—not to reveal to any other member, or anyone else, what was written on the cards, and all were pledged not to unite the fifteen parts of the formulae until three years after the transition of the present Grand Master General. Each member was then told to bring the articles called for, in carefully wrapped packages, and to hold them intact until called for.

On the night of the demonstration all were on hand promptly at 8 o'clock. In order to meet the demand for one outside and disinterested witness, a representative of the New York *World's* editorial department was invited. Because of his presence a ceremony was arranged which did not include any of the secret rituals or work.

The Temple was especially decorated with beautiful red blooms. Beside the usual crucible stood a table draped with the altar cloth and symbols and an American flag. All officers were in full regalia.

After an opening prayer an address was given by the Grand Master General, as follows:

"We are assembled in Holy Convocation tonight in this Temple to demonstrate for the first time in this country the actual realization of the dreams of our founders. For a hundred years or more the Elder Brothers of our Order in Egypt worked at their crucibles and wrestled with the problems of alchemy in an attempt to apply the fundamental laws of our philosophy and science. At last they succeeded, and transmutation on the material plane, according to the laws of the triangle on the material plane, was demonstrated. And it has never been demonstrated outside of our Order.

"You have had explained to you in the first, second, and third degrees, these same fundamental laws. You know the true laws underlying the composition of all matter and its qualities and classification. You know the real difference between glass and wood, air and water, flesh and mineral; and you know the true and actual difference between a piece of granite, a piece of lead, and a lump or grain of pure gold. You know that by altering or modifying these differences you will modify the physical property—the quality, the expression, of these minerals. All this you know. You have received the absolute knowledge in our lectures and demonstrations. Your understanding of the great principles and laws of God and nature is based upon facts, whereas all around us we see and meet with claims and processes in those fields of science outside of our Order, which are based entirely upon theory or promiscuous observation.

"Since the members of this Fourth Degree are the most advanced of our own hundreds of Rosaecrucians in America to-day, I have felt the call to take advantage of the privilege accorded to me as your Imperator and Supreme Grand Master, to make this demonstration of the laws of transmutation; and after due consideration of its national import and its immediate effect upon the minds of those who esteem this Order and its work so reverently, I grant unto you one and all the privilege of witnessing for the first time the sacred, holy, and secret process and method of transmutation.

"May the Light so shine through this demonstration to-night that thousands of yearning souls in every part of this glorious country may, indirectly, see the Light and find it a beacon by which they may be guided to our fields of endeavor."

Then the fifteen members holding packages as per instructions on their cards, were requested to place them on the table beside the crucible in full sight of the members. Directly beside the table sat the New York *World's* representative keenly alive to the value of close observation, and as skeptical as any skeptic we may meet from a newspaper. The *World* has been investigating some of the other so-called Rosaecrucian movements in this country and from the correspondence it so gladly showed us, with the evidence of false statements, we are not surprised that this investigator was anxious to have all the further proof he could add to that which he already possessed

regarding the genuineness of the claims made by our Order. For this reason—unlike those bodies he is trying to investigate,—we gave him every possible opportunity to know.

When the zinc was produced by one of our members—himself a mining engineer and expert on the subject of metals—it was at once turned back to the members to be so marked with initials and symbols as to make future identification positive.

The New York *World* representative was one of the first to mark his initials on the piece of zinc in an unmistakable manner. Then the zinc was tested by nitric acid to prove its nature. The fumes from the acid on the zinc were plainly visible to all present. Then the piece of zinc was cut in half. The half piece, about half an inch square, containing the scratched initials and symbols, was carefully weighed on assayers' scales. It weighed exactly 446 milligrams.

Then the zinc was handed to the Vestal Virgin, who took it with the tweezers and held the metal in full sight while the Grand Master General picked up a small china dish—such as is used as "butter dishes"—and which a member had placed on the table. Into this dish all could plainly see the Master drop some white powder supplied by one Sister present. Into this was dropped several petals from a fresh red rose brought by another Sister. Then the Vestal Virgin placed the piece of zinc in the dish and over it were sprinkled several other white powders by some of the Brothers.

The dish was then held over the colored flames and fumes of the crucible, while the Master stirred the contents of the dish with merely the tip of the forefinger of his right hand.

The left hand of the Master held the dish over the flames and the fingers of the hand were certainly severely scorched, as could be seen after the allotted "sixteen minutes" of stirring were up, but he showed no sense of pain then nor over two hours afterward, and the following morning even the outward effects of the burn had disappeared.

During the process, which called for continued concentration and very active handling of dish, ingredients, etc., to a most tiring and exhaustive degree, the Master dropped into the dish the different ingredients brought by the members. The *World* representative was most careful to note the outward appearance of each ingredient, and surely none present missed a single phase of the process. Our nerves were tense, we hardly breathed, and we were prepared for almost anything.

It was the first time the Master had conducted the process, and he and we all realized that if any member had failed to bring just the proper ingredient, or if anything else was wrong—a disaster might occur. Emergency articles had been provided by some present—for it was not the failure of the demonstration which we hoped would not come at this time, but personal injury to the Master whose whole body was so close to the crucible and whose hands and face were practically in the fumes.

After the last petal of the rose had been dropped into the dish, the Master announced that he had reached the end of the process as he knew it. It was a crucial moment. The Master straightened up

his figure from the bent-over position he had maintained for sixteen minutes. Those in the rear of the room rose from their seats and crowded to the front of the Temple, forgetting all Temple decorum in their eagerness to see the result of the process.

Then, in a quiet, simple manner the Master lifted the metal from the dish, held it close to the altar light burning in a crystal lamp brought from a Rosaecrucian Temple in the Orient, and, after a critical examination, announced in a dignified, almost reverent tone: "It is gold!"

Those close by leaned forward to see the metal. There was an almost imperceptible motion of rushing toward the Master by the thirty-seven members present, when the Master passed the metal over to the Brother who had brought the original piece of zinc and said: "Brother, you and the gentleman from the *World* may weigh the metal and note the probable increase in weight."

Carefully was the metal weighed again by the same scales. Every adjustment possible showed that the piece of metal had increased in weight. This was announced by those witnessing the weighing. Then the *World's* representative announced that the piece of metal contained and plainly showed his initials and other marks, and others stated that their identification marks were also visible.

The metal had a bright yellow appearance, much like the light color of pure gold and not like the more copper yellow color of 14 or 18 karat gold.

At the request of the Master the metal was immediately subjected to nitric acid tests, as was the zinc—the same piece of metal—before the transmutation. This time there was no burning of the metal, no fumes, and the test was repeated several times.

Astounded—yet knowing what really had occurred and the simplicity of it according to our teachings—most of us felt that we had witnessed one of the strangest, most sacred demonstrations and experiments yet given in our Temple.

The Master fittingly closed the convocation, and all retired to the Emperor's office, the Emperor carrying with him two pieces of metal—each originally forming one piece of zinc—now different in color, weight, and nature. The Secretary General remained in the Temple to destroy all the ingredients which remained unused on the table beside the crucible.

In the Emperor's office, under the bright white electric lights, the two pieces of metal were compared. It is needless to state that most of the members conceded that one was gold—of a refined nature—while the other was zinc. A few were less positive that it was pure gold and their attitude is best expressed by the words of the *World's* representative, who in writing the report for the newspapers, said: "Whether pure gold was evolved or not I cannot say. I am not familiar enough with gold to make so bold a declaration. But of this much I am sure and will vouch for: a piece of tested and marked zinc was certainly transmuted into some other metal of a distinctly different nature, color, and weight, which successfully passed the acid test for gold. Furthermore, it looks like gold. Whereas the

metal I marked and tested was at one time zinc, it is not zinc now, and the change was brought about before our eyes in fifteen to twenty minutes, in an honest, sincere, and frank manner."

The two pieces of metal will remain for some time in the Emperor's office, in a case, where they may be seen. Newspaper men, editors, and several scientists have examined them and gone their way greatly perplexed. No change in the appearance or size of the metals has occurred since the demonstration—and none is expected—except that one small corner piece of the gold has been cut off and sent to the Supreme Council of the Order in France along with an official report.

—*The American Rosae Crucis.*

Indian Snake Charmer

We have just been the eye-witnesses of one of those remarkable exhibitions of Indian skill which travelers report to an unbelieving Western world. Fraudulent jugglers have so often duped mere tourists that the uninformed believe that no genuine magic can be found in India. But the incident which I am about to relate took place in our own bungalow compound, within sight of my sisters and myself and a host of people of all sorts and conditions; I had the opportunity of following the chief actor within a distance of four or five feet and of interrogating him through a kind and able interpreter at every stage; and so, for those who will believe me, there is a bit of first-hand evidence of the unquestioned variety. . . .

To-day a wandering snake-charmer from Anuradhapura, a Tamil, originating really in some obscure South Indian village, happened into Mt. Lavinia. He is a well-built and very dark Indian, clad in the picturesque garments that suit the dark skin so well, and wearing in his right nostril a bright gold ring in which was set a blood ruby. He carried a sort of saddle-bag on his shoulder, at his belt a kind of woven pouch, and in his hands a gourd pipe giving notes like a very soft bagpipe. An ordinary stick completed his equipment.

At the request of the inhabitants he displayed his permanent stock in trade, a huge *cobra de capella*, making it hiss and sway and strike to the notes of his singing gourd; and he displayed also a drugged snake of some common variety. Naturally, in the course of his conversation with the inhabitants of this village, it developed that a man—as I mentioned above—had lately been killed by a snake; and presently an enterprising shop-keeper offered the snake-charmer a reward on condition that he would catch this particular deadly brute; and, as this was in his line of business, the itinerant magician promptly accepted the offer. He was therefore conducted to the road just outside our gate (and it is here that we came in as eye-witnesses), for he asked only that he be brought within a hundred yards of the probable spot where the man had been bitten.

So he began wandering up and down one side of the road, carrying a plaintive air on his outlandish instrument and darting his wonderfully sharp eyes over the grass and under the bushes, straining his

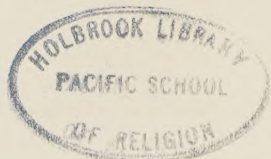
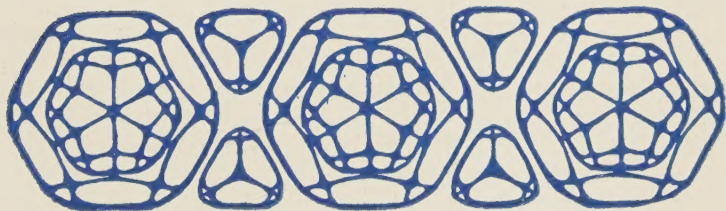
whole being at his business. The mob of observers became so large as to blockade the road, interfere with traffic and with his business; so the police were called out to keep a clear field. After half an hour of his playing he suddenly crossed to the other side of the road, playing and intently listening and watching; and there, after only one or two turns along the roadside, he suddenly said, briefly and dramatically, speaking swiftly in Tamil, almost between the notes of his music, "*Nan ange irrikkeran*" ("I hear him there"), and he approached slowly and snakily some low bushes not five yards away. Before these he stopped; his weird music grew more and more commanding and glamorous. Then suddenly, with his arms and his pipe and his whole head and body, he motioned the crowd away; then by a series of unmistakable commands of movement, expression, and music, he called something out of the shrubbery; then, with a wild burst of notes, he dropped his pipe upon the roadside, seized his stick instead, leapt into the shrubs, and in a moment reappeared carrying triumphantly in his hands a deadly viper that exceeded a full yard in length and a hen's egg in diameter! The creature had struck and bitten him on the edge of the palm opposite the thumb, and on his mahogany skin the wound was ugly and white. With his exertion of will and intense concentration, and under the strain of his magic, his body and face were bedewed with perspiration; but, with the creature clutched by the throat in his left hand, he now calmly wiped his brow with his right and then drew from his pouch a bit of black and brown bone, or stone, a sticky fragment not quite an inch long and half an inch wide. This he applied to the wound in his hand, where it adhered, and down his arm he stroked a small bit of porous wood gently; then suddenly from the two white snake-bites poured blood (and with it the venom), so that the stone fell to the ground, and the man was saved from certain death. Then he removed the fangs of the viper, tucked it into his bag—and looked about for more business!

It was at this point that I interrogated him through an interpreter, and came to understand how his ancestors had handed on to him the arts which he practiced. He kindly gave me one of the curing bones that he used, the little bit of wood and, in addition, a little brown seed the size of a pea which, he said, would restore to life one apparently dead from snake-bite if dipped in lime-water and placed in the patient's mouth; but the *mantra* that go with these things he declined to divulge in front of all the company, although he said quaintly, "*Dorai* (Master) is kind; I will teach him."

Nor was the further business long in coming, for in an adjoining field, an area of perhaps two acres, it was rumored that another snake had been seen by a *podien* (a little boy) a fortnight before. So the juggler took up his station at one corner of the field and began once more the weaving of his wild melody. You may be sure that I followed him very closely this time! And now his success was still more striking, for there was a huge area and no good evidence that the snake really had a habitation near by. But the man played on, and struck into the grass and trees his piercing gaze. Once he moved towards a clump of flaming shoe-flowers near a traveler's palm, but after

two paces he stopped. Then more music, then suddenly in Tamil, "I hear him," and he moved fifteen swift paces toward another clump of trees, where once more the wild music, the tenseness of body and mind, the commands to the invisible serpent, the sudden abandonment of the pipe and leap into the shrubbery—alas, he had dropped his stick! But my quick-witted interpreter, hearing him cry out "*Kambooo! Kambooo!*" tossed him the stick; and, after a thrilling ten-second wrestle, the man emerged holding in his hand the justly celebrated deadly cobra. Before the amazed crowd, which scattered more quickly at this than at the constable's command, he tossed the writhing brute upon the ground, snapped against its body sharply with his fingers, and so made it coil and distend its lethal but beautiful hood, amidst cries of horrified recognition from his audience, "*Naja pamboo,*" for it was indeed the raja of the nagas. The serpent struck at the stick held out to him by the charmer and sank its broken teeth into the wood, but the magician detached him gently yet firmly and thrust him into a bag.

There is no question whatever as to this, namely: that here we have a man who possesses a power, utterly supernatural, of detecting the whereabouts of deadly snakes. You may hypothecate clairvoyance, practical animism, *serpentis telaesthesia*, or any other fine-sounding Latin-Greek explanations; it is the facts that amaze us. It has been suggested that the man "planted" the snake before "finding" it. I can only say emphatically that this was not possible, for reasons of which an enumeration would be only lengthy and tedious. The charmer said that he could hear the snakes answering his tune; and as he must know more about it than any of us can know, I think we may leave it at that.—Fritz Kunz in *The Messenger*.



THE CHANNEL

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